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The Mexican Republic and Its Future

Some months ago no one in the country—and few in Mexico, it seems safe to say—would have ventured to predict the early fall and exile of Diaz, the mighty dictator, the collapse of his government, and the complete success of the revolution, which, by the way, was then regarded as a trivial insurrection carried on by a handful of incapables and idlers, and financed, from a safe distance, by ambitious politicians. The actual course of events in Mexico has been a great surprise to the world. Even now many are at a loss to account for it.

But the most reasonable view of the situation is, doubtless, simply this—that Diaz was too old and too feeble, at eighty-one, to cope with a situation which might have caused him no great trouble ten years sooner; that his failure to meet in due season the demands and needs of Mexican liberals and progressives had created widespread dissatisfaction, and that when the crisis came public sentiment was indifferent or hostile to the Diaz régime. A policy of mere force and suppression presupposes great strength, audacity and resourcefulness in the man who relies on it. Diaz no longer showed these qualities, and there was no leader to take his place and continue the work in his behalf.

The revolutionary leaders, on the other hand, were aggressive, alert, progressive and confident. They had grievances; they voiced the grievances of the masses, the peons,

the disinherited and the disfranchised, the victims of Diaz's benevolent tyranny. The revolutionists demanded political and economic reforms, and only objected to Diaz because he could not be trusted to keep his promises and to abide by the results of free and fair elections. They were moderate and conciliatory otherwise, and evinced readiness to make peace on terms favorable to the interests of the country.

The provisional president, de la Bara, is an experienced diplomat and liberal-minded thinker. He and his associates in the reorganized cabinet intend to assure the people free elections and genuine steps toward free institutions. In October electors will be chosen, and these electors in turn will elect the next president. Madero, the leader of the revolution, expects to be elected president, although he will have rivalry. Until then, and after the elections, the serious question will be as to the possibility of governing Mexico without "the iron rule" of Diaz. So far Mexico has been a republic only in name; can she become, under freedom and liberalism, a republic in fact? Are her people, many of whom are illiterate and shiftless, fit for self-government? Will freedom of speech and the press, an independent judiciary, provincial autonomy, be appreciated and maintained?

Mexico, it has been said, is full of monuments to Diaz, the defender of property, the champion of order, the friend of industry and development. But in spite of his resistance to reform, a free, peaceful, progressive Mexico would be the greatest of all monuments to his régime. If he has not created a middle class capable of supporting a republic, if only force stood between Mexico and chaos and internecine strife, Diaz's work was not completed. If Mexico can march and advance without him or his stern methods, history, if not the present generation, will proclaim him a great builder of empire and republican institutions, even though he did not realize that his own success necessitated a change in his policies and indicated his retirement.

The United States has every reason to congratulate itself on its policy toward Mexico—a policy of patience, neutrality, good will. Intervention would have involved us in war and would have entailed disastrous complications of every kind. We resisted clamor, declined to magnify irritating "incidents," gave the world fresh proof of disinterestedness and sincerity, and now even the excitable persons who attacked the President and Congress for alleged weakness and indifference recognize the superiority of the policy which has saved lives and treasure and reflected honor on the country.



Progress of "Unlimited" Arbitration

President Taft's idea of arbitration treaties without the usual "exceptions" and omissions, treaties covering even questions of vital interest, honor, and territory, has been making remarkable progress. Secretary Knox submitted a draft of a model treaty to England and Germany, these powers having formally signified their desire to conclude unlimited arbitration treaties with the United States, but he made it plain that our government was ready to negotiate similar treaties with any other civilized nation, and that no "discrimination" or special favor was intended. This made all talk of secret understandings or alliances as the result or ulterior purpose of the arbitration treaties not only gratuitous but foolish. The invitation was general, but of course the United States could not negotiate with powers that were either hostile or skeptical or indifferent to unlimited arbitration.

In point of fact, the publication of a summary of the Knox draft aroused great interest in Germany and in Japan. The governments of these countries asked for copies and expressed a desire to discuss the question; Japan informally conveyed the intimation that, if we took the first step, she would be glad to enter into negotiations.

This surpassed all expectations and naturally gratified the friends of peace throughout the world. The progress of the cause of arbitration is apparently assured, although the final form of the proposed treaty may be somewhat narrower than that now under consideration. Public sentiment favors arbitration; commerce, democracy and the social reform movement are potent peace influences.

The summary made by Secretary Knox of the provisions of the drafted treaty is so condensed and satisfactory that we reproduce it here in full:

The general features of the draft are these: It expands the scope of our existing general arbitration agreements by eliminating the exceptions contained in existing ones of questions of vital interest and national honor.

It is proposed that all differences that are internationally justifiable shall be submitted to the Hague tribunal unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected.

It provides that differences that either country thinks are not internationally justifiable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, with power to make recommendations for their settlement.

This commission is to be made up of nationals of the two Governments who are members of the Hague court.

Should the commission decide that the differences should be arbitrated this decision is to be binding.

Arbitrations are to be conducted under terms of submission subject to the advice and consent of the Senate.

Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is one susceptible of arbitral decision, the Commission of Inquiry shall investigate the necessity of arbitration. The action of this commission is not to have the effect of an arbitral award.

The commission at the request of either Government shall delay its findings one year to give opportunity for diplomatic settlement.

The other features of the draft deal mainly with the machinery of the commission and other essential details.

It may be stated in this connection that the Carnegie peace foundation's plans were announced at the Lake Mohonk conference by Dr. Butler, president of Columbia University, and that they contemplate a systematic propaganda in three great divisions:—scientific and legal, politico-economic and historical, and miscellaneous and social. Each division will be efficiently managed by eminent men in their respective lines of study and work, and the scholars and

statesmen of the old world will coöperate with those of the United States.

The mission of the foundation is essentially educational. It will seek to remove error and prejudice, combat fallacies, point out the wastes and indirect costs of warfare, interpret history and correct the views of militarists and Jingoes. The opposition to the Taft idea of unlimited arbitration in certain circles shows that the foundation has work to do here and now. The Senate has not been very friendly to general treaties of arbitration, and some of its members are known to doubt the expediency of the proposed "radical" treaty. The Senate must be reached through public opinion.



American Theater Today

From time to time little campaigns are started to elevate the stage. The pulpit and the press denounce some play or group of plays as demoralizing in effect and tendency, and perhaps some particularly offensive spectacle is mended or ended. But the question of theatrical reform is larger and deeper than as thus raised. The theater is wonderfully educational when properly conducted. A good, artistic play exalts, instructs, and entertains at the same time. No form of amusement is more popular with old and young, and it is a serious loss and detriment that the theater should be either indifferent and trivial or positively vulgarizing and debasing.

There are good theaters in every large city, and some admirable, vital, and beautiful plays are produced by them during each season. But many more of the plays, shows, and spectacles are intellectually and morally below the plane of respectability. Tens of thousands are thus degraded and prevented from learning to enjoy beauty and art. How can the popular playhouse be raised and improved?

The Russell Sage Foundation has published an elaborate study of the theater in New York, the producing center of the country, which sets standards and sends out scores of

traveling companies to give the "provinces" the things approved by the metropolis. Of late smaller cities and towns have complained bitterly of the character and quality of the "shows" with which they have been favored. But are the New Yorkers treated better, as a general thing? The study in question reaches a negative and melancholy answer.

There are 497 theaters in Greater New York; the total spent weekly on theaters in Manhattan alone is estimated at \$750,000. The attendance is over 1,700,000, about a million patronizing the moving-picture and five-cent theaters. As to quality, of the burlesque houses five-sixths are "demoralizing" and the remaining sixth "lowering." Of the variety and vaudeville places, only five per cent are of positive value. The rest are either stupid, inane and crude, or else vulgar and objectionable. Yet vaudeville is successful and strongly influences even the first-class theaters. These are not giving their patrons plays worthy of them. Too much attention is paid by them to the "vaudeville mentality" of the crowds of hotel dwellers and strangers seeking cheap amusement.

This is a severe arraignment of the theaters and their patrons as well. Yet Shakespeare draws even in low-class theaters, and the average man loves romance, dramatic stories, beauty and heroism in conduct as much as he ever did. Popular theaters presenting classical and modern plays of merit—plays without narrow problems of didactic, in-artistic teaching, would probably "pay" even to commercial managers. Vaudeville and picture-shows, too, may be improved without lowering their interest and charm. Social workers and civic reformers are turning to the theater problem, and some hopeful experiments may be tried within the next few years.



Direct Popular Election of Senators

The United States Senate has at last voted to submit to the legislatures an amendment to the Constitution providing

for direct, popular election of its members. The House had passed such a resolution on four different occasions, and in the country at large the agitation in favor of the change from election by legislatures to popular election has been actively and strenuously carried on for several years, not to say decades. Heretofore the Senate stood like a stone wall in the way of the reform, a majority of its members denying the need, wisdom or utility of popular elections and insisting that "the fathers" knew what they were doing, that the Senate was intended to be a house of "state ambassadors" and not another and smaller House of Representatives, and that election by the people would bring demagogues and small-bore politicians into an august and mighty body.

Senator Borah of Idaho put the argument for direct elections in a single striking paragraph. Referring to the policy of the fathers as regards the Senate, he asked:

"Had they looked upon vacant chairs here because of deadlocks in the legislatures; had they seen, as we saw last winter, nearly one-half of a state legislature fleeing like fugitives across a state line and then negotiating with their colleagues like contending forces, had these men passed through the filth and corruption through which this Senate has been delving its way this last year; had they been thwarted and frustrated and defied in the effort to secure facts concerning the integrity of an election; had they believed that state legislatures would be turned by this duty from law-making bodies dealing conscientiously with affairs of state into political combinations, torn and distracted by purely convention duties, venalized and corrupted by powerful interests who care nothing for the state, but everything for the membership of this body—if they had seen what we see, does any man doubt, in view of their declarations, that the fathers would have taken this duty from the legislature and given it directly to the people?"

This states the case in a nutshell. The change is sought and demanded because of deadlocks, scandals, failures and grave evils. The old mode is bad for the states, bad for the legislatures, bad for the federal Congress. As for any danger of degradation of the Senate, has popular election given us governors, mayors, state legislatures, judges, Presidents—for even the President is practically elected by the people, the electoral colleges being now useless "fifth-

wheels"—below the grade of Senators? To prove that the Senate must not be touched is to prove that we ought to do away with popular election of other high public servants. The six-year term and the fact that not more than one-third of the Senate will be changed at any time will continue to operate in the interest of stability and conservatism. There is no danger of the Senate becoming excessively radical and impressionable. The proposed amendment will work no harm in any direction.



Co-operation and the Cost of Living

No doubt many things account for the increase in the cost of the necessities and comforts of life, and there is no single sovereign remedy for the trouble complained of by millions of consumers. But in every rational discussion of the question it is admitted that lack of system and method in retail trade, in distribution of commodities to small purchasers, is an important factor in the situation. Why not seek economy and relief in coöperation? Why not do here what has been done by and for one-fourth of the population of Britain?

A movement in the interest of coöperation in buying and retail selling, and incidentally in manufacturing, is under way in the United States. There are many obstacles to overcome—especially moral obstacles, such as indifference, contempt for small economies, intense "individualism," etc.—but perhaps the "pinch" of the last few years has served to make Americans disposed to consider coöperation seriously.

Lecturing in this country, the president of the Coöperative Alliance of Great Britain, William Maxwell, has been explaining the success and benefits of coöperation. Last year the Alliance had an aggregate membership of 2,701,000 families, and nearly 3,000 societies were affiliated with it. It had a capital of \$264,000,000 and sold over \$525,000,000

worth of goods to its members. It divided over \$11,000,000 as profits among its members, after appropriating large sums for education and charity.

This alliance is in reality a great workmen's and middle-class "trust" which is open to all and is conducted for the benefit of all. It acts as a building and loan association; it pays interest on dividends kept in its treasury by individuals; it operates mills, factories, plantations, wheat elevators, and maintains a fleet of ships to carry its products. It saves by running on a two per cent basis, as against the six or seven per cent basis of private dealers. It not only reduces the cost of living, but it enables poor men and women to eat and clothe themselves into homes, little gardens and old-age pensions.

Americans are a practical and alert people. If economy is now a real and vital issue to them, they can make as great a success of distributive and productive coöperation as the British have made of it. Legislation is desirable, trust-dissolving suits are necessary and proper, but why ignore so constructive and beneficent a movement as co-operation—co-operation minus graft, inflated salaries, high finance? The moral results of coöperation are as great as the material.



Reverses for Labor and Radicalism in Australia

We have heretofore discussed the agitation against certain tendencies in judicial interpretation of Australian law and constitutional policy. It was stated that in order to circumvent certain adverse decisions in cases dealing with labor, trusts and reform the government of the Commonwealth submitted to the electorate amendments to the constitution greatly enlarging the authority of the federal legislature. One of these conferred on the federal government power to deal with all matters of trade, commerce and industry in all the states, at the expense of the local legislature and

"home rule." The other provided for the "nationalizing" or taking over by the federal government for operation, of any industry which it might find and duly declare a monopoly inimical to the public welfare.

Every Australian state except Western Australia voted against these amendments and defeated them by heavy majorities. The vote was large, the interest evidently keen. The outcome, it is admitted, is a severe blow to the Labor ministry, but there is much controversy concerning the "meaning" of the result. The conservative and anti-labor organs say without hesitation that the people intended to repudiate radicalism, socialism, and "new nationalism," to call a halt to regulation and paternalism. The labor organs contend that the electors did not fully understand the propositions they voted on; that the "trusts and syndicates" had subsidized the press and obscured the issues, and, finally, that the sentiment in favor of state rights is not necessarily at war with the social reform program of the federal government.

The Labor ministry, although "rebuked," did not resign. It has a parliamentary majority and will proceed with the realization of the reforms that are possible under the existing constitution. The agitation for the amendments is to continue, and the opposition has been warned that improper methods on its part may lead the government and its adherents to propose even more drastic constitutional changes.

The indirect method of overcoming judicial vetoing of legislation having failed, it is probable that the question of depriving the judiciary of the power of annulling acts of parliament will be raised directly.

A Reading Journey

Through Mexico

I. Mexico and the Mexicans

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The Land

MEXICO is not so large by half as it was before the war with the United States, known in American history as the Mexican War. To be more exact, we should say before the Texan War for Independence; but Mexicans think of Texas as having been wrested from them by the same strategy which ended in their loss of that greater neighboring area since carved up, roughly speaking, into a half dozen other states and territories of the American Union. Till 1835 their domain was nearly equal to that of the United States, or to the whole of Europe leaving out Russia and Turkey. Even now, what remains to them would be enough to encompass Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. That its natural resources will sustain such a comparison can here be neither asserted nor denied, but the scientist and the explorer go far beyond the mere tourist in their appreciation of its riches. Where the tourist sees only desert, they see the waving green and yellow of potential harvests. If they discount at all the reckless enthusiasm of promoters beguiling the American investor, it is not regarding the latent wealth of the country, but regarding the ease with which settlers totally lacking in experience may grow rubber on impossible land bought at random, or market pineapples irrespective of means for transportation. There is no doubt that the country will feed and clothe many added millions of people, and that it hides mineral wealth either to supply

the necessities of many other millions, or to barter for whatever may be lacking. Suffice it to say that in its undeveloped resources we are considering no insignificant country. Then let us pass from things that might or that doubtless may be to things that have been and are.

The mantle of natural verdure and primitive human graces, of medieval romance surviving in a practical age, of hospitality, of leisure, and of pride which have been painted for us by the hands of such writers as Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith—this mantle is spread over a rugged and highly substantial framework, for an examination of which one refers, with an appropriate feeling of solidity, to Alexander von Humboldt. The geologic framework will be suggested to travelers in the United States by saying that it exhibits yet more strongly the qualities, as plainly it continues the system, not of the Appalachian, but of the western highlands of the United States. It is rugged, Titanic, challenging, not rounded and softened as though it grew ready ages ago to invite the coming of civilized man. The studious reader may consult Humboldt and later supplemental investigations, while others content themselves for the moment with this general hint. Not gentle little hills like sheep in a meadow, but towering and bristling giants amid shatterings of a world stand in Mexico for mountain scenery.

I had written the foregoing paragraph, and within twenty-four hours I read a very different description which may well be quoted here. Charles Macomb Flandrau in his highly suggestive and entertaining, though often cynical and at times flippantly careless "Viva Mexico," says:

"The view from the piazza was characteristic of the mountainous, tropical parts of Mexico, and, like most of the views there, combined both the grandeur, the awfulness of space and height—of eternal, untrodden snows piercing the thin blue—with the soft velvet beauty of tropical verdure, the unimaginable delicacy and variety of color that glows and palpitates in vast areas of tropical foliage seen at different distances through haze and sunlight. Mountains usually have an elemental, geologic sex of some sort, and the sex of slumbering, jungle-covered, tropical mountains is female. There is a symmetry, a chaste volcanic elegance about them that renders



them the consorts and daughters of man-mountains like, say, the Alps, the Rockies, the mountains of the Caucasus."

The description just quoted, however, is true only of what it represents, and it represents the mountains with which, doubtless, the author is most intimately acquainted. The mountains with which I lived from day to day in Mexico for three years rise from plains already too high for tropical or even semi-tropical conditions, and hold their peaks from two to three and one-half miles perpendicularly above sea level. They are, I believe, of the sort that one usually means in speaking of mountainous Mexico. The other picture, however, will have value to us, not only for intrinsic beauty, but also as showing how almost everything Mexican defies any simple and summary treatment. The country is one of well-nigh unlimited variety, of sharp contrasts, and of apparent contradictions. Snow and burning desert, oak and palm and steaming jungle growth are all to be found in the 1,500 miles between Sonora* and Yucatan. More impressively, indeed, they will all appear in a cross section, to be accomplished by one day's travel. One may drink chocolate and cinnamon on the warm Gulf shore in the morning, pass upward through the altitudes of cocoanut, orange, coffee and banana, sugar and cotton, during the next two or three hours, and by eleven o'clock, if a "norther" happens to be blowing, draw on a heavy coat for warmth, while looking upward across the dry tableland to snows that never melt. So Mexico is a land of contrasts.

A notion that the tarry-at-home traveler must dismiss before he can rightly conceive Mexico, is that latitude determines temperature. Latitude is one of a number of conditions that have their influence on climate, but no one of them can ever be assumed to determine temperature until the others have been taken into account. The northern fringe of New York State along Lake Erie, which has become famous as a "grape belt," has as mild a climate as parts of eastern Kentucky, and there are points on the coast of Alaska where the winter is less severe than in either of

the localities just compared. Of all the conditions that go to determine climate, altitude is the one that figures most surprisingly to the New Englander when a country like Mexico is being studied. At least one Mexican guide book has, and all such guide books ought to have, tables of elevation for the important places on the map. All other elements being normal, an altitude of less than 3,000 feet will give a hot climate in any part of the republic. An altitude between 3,000 and 7,000 feet will give a temperate climate, and an altitude from 7,000 up to 12,500 feet will give a cold climate. One does not speak at all of climate in the snow region of Mexico because snow and vegetation do not alternate there, and life cannot in any natural way be supported. The snow line is about 12,500 feet above sea level. The general level in that vast part of Mexico known as the Plateau has an elevation of 6,000 to 8,000 feet. Suppose, however, that we mean by a hot climate an average temperature throughout the year of about 85 degrees, still it is true that the greatest extreme of heat will probably not exceed that in New York, and the discomfort caused by it will be less than in New York. Similarly, if by a cold climate we mean a yearly average temperature of 60 degrees, it will be found that the thermometer rarely goes so low as freezing, even in winter. A moment's reflection will now make it clear that variations up or down in a given locality are much less than they are farther north. This would be inferred from the latitude, as seasonal changes are generally less marked nearer the equator.

If the differences between winter and summer are less, the differences between night and day are more, and those between shady and sunny sides of a street far more, than in New York or Chicago. Even above 8,000 feet the noonday sun is fierce, yet in the shade there is never a day above that altitude when the "shirt-waist man" from New York would sit long without his coat. At a given temperature he would feel much colder than at home, probably because evapora-

tion from the skin is more rapid, as well as because of the rarer atmosphere and consequent smaller intake of oxygen. If ordinarily blessed with good circulation, the northerner will be surprised that, even when the thermometer registers several degrees above freezing, he needs winter underwear and a heavy overcoat. A phenomenon well known to mountain climbers and physicists, but new to many visitors, is that the decreased air pressure allows water to boil at lower temperature, but an egg or any vegetable cooked in it must be kept longer over the fire.

The People

Somewhat like the diversity of the land is the diversity of its people. Among these are about six millions belonging to the native races, over six millions of mixed blood, and three million whites. If we could assign to each of these three classes its relative place in the social and economic scale, the reader would no doubt welcome the convenience. There is a social and economic scale with well marked gradations, but in applying its test, race can hardly be said to figure. It is true that among those occupying the highest station, pure Indians are rare, and that among those occupying the lowest station, the pure white does not exist, the occasional American tramp being outside this discussion. The fact remains, however, that there is no relation in industry, profession, business, politics, or formal society from which the pure Indian would be debarred, or for aspiring to which he would not have ample warrant in law, sentiment, and precedent. Benito Juarez, the greatest Mexican who has ever lived and the greatest object of national veneration today, was a full-blooded Indian. Porfirio Diaz is one-fourth Indian according to his approved biographers, but intelligent Mexicans generally believe him to be three-fourths, and they do not say this to disparage him. For a Mexican of European ancestry to disdain a Mexican of somewhat mixed blood, or for one of mixed blood to treat



A Graceful Column



A Mestiza



Going to the Well



Mutual Curiosity

Familiar Types



Torture of Cuauhtemoc. From a Painting in the National Museum



Detail from Cuauhtemoc Monument. (See Frontispiece)



Miguel Hidalgo



Benito Juarez



The Emperor Maximilian



Porfirio Diaz

Some of the Makers of Mexican History



Sra. Diaz, wife of Porfirio Diaz



Francisco Madero



Destitution

a cultured Indian as inferior, because in him the native blood perhaps of princes has never been mingled for better or worse with a foreign strain—either of these demonstrations of arrogance would, I suppose, be unique in recent times. There are, it is true, families who take a harmless pride in declaring themselves of pure Spanish extraction. A writer already mentioned, however, says that most unadulterated Spaniards in the republic are "either priests or grocers." We might mention bull-fighters as another contingent. A governor of one of the Mexican states once said to me after speaking of his own lineage: "Very few of us here, if we are Mexicans of more than two or three generations, can tell what proportion of native or of Indian blood we may have." It could have been replied that, even so they are not much farther from a complete racial analysis of themselves than some of the rest of mankind. It very soon ceases to be a surprise, then, to find in the learned professions and in important positions of various kinds, people of the original Mexican stock. Perhaps the fact that all Indians are not equally dark, that some Spaniards are far from light, and that the natives often have splendid heads and finely chiseled features has as much to do with the state of affairs as the undoubted capacity of many of the Indians.

In the entire absence of a race problem, however, for which Mexicans ought to be grateful, economic differences are as sharp and distinctions are as clearly drawn as elsewhere. There is perhaps no country equally civilized where the educational, political, and material welfare of the laboring people has advanced less and where their condition presents more cruel, and at the same time more immemorially picturesque phases than in Mexico. The problem of lifting them to a distinctly higher plane of life is the immediate and urgent problem of the nation. It is the excuse for the as yet unfinished revolution, whatever may be the alleged grievances of other classes. It is the matter concerning which

the Diaz régime must give its most important final account however great the progress made in other directions, and we may assume that President Diaz and his friends recognize this; but when its solution is reached we can but feel that also one of the most engaging, one of the most beautiful to the imagination, of all the figures in the pageant of human life will have passed forever. The gentle, graceful, submissive, but well-nigh unconquerable and wholly inscrutable child of the ancient Chichimecs, Aztecs, and still earlier Toltecs, whoever they may have been, will have given place to some other type.

In writing the history of England, scholars can give us little more than conjecture until the advent of the Romans. Our British ancestors neglected to make for us any intelligible record before that event. Similarly, authentic knowledge of Mexico begins but little previous to the arrival of the gold-hunting, proselyting and bloodthirsty Spaniards, who were the first bearers of the white man's civilization thither. Of the records that existed, many were ruthlessly destroyed, and of what were still left only a small part are intelligible, for civilization on this continent, as in Europe, had had its ebbs and flows, had been broken rather than continuous, and the Mexicans whom Cortez and his valiant murderers overcame knew little of their remote predecessors. If the Spaniards wondered at this they may also have reflected that for generations in Europe the invading Moors, so lately withdrawn from Spain, had been the only preservers of classic Greek and Latin learning. The Spaniards, as conquerors of Mexico, were less kind to futurity; still certain outlines have been pieced together from picture writings and other evidence that survives.

While there were tribes in various parts of the land that maintained independence, the greatness of Mexico as far back as history can trace it belongs to the valley of Mexico round about the present capital, high on its table-land, but encircled by mountains of much greater height.

When we say this, we are leaving out, as we must, the builders of noble and awe-inspiring structures in Yucatan and elsewhere because they date back farther than any history. These builders, too, were great in their forgotten day, but we do not know them and can give them no place. They may have been contemporaries of Solomon or even of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites in Egypt.

Beginning, then, with what is fairly authentic, the Toltecs had sway in Mexico from about 650 A. D., four hundred years. They were the greatest builders of historic or semi-historic times. The Chichimecs, a ruder people, succeeded the Toltecs, not by conquest but because the Toltecs had for some cause died out. One legend says that *pulque*, the intoxicating drink of the natives to this day, was the cause. However that may be, the land of the Toltecs became deserted until the Chichimecs spread over it about 1175 A. D. The Acolhuas arrived a few years later and still a little later came the Aztecs or Mexicans. No one can fix the exact dates, but with a few years' interval the three nations appear to have followed each other in this order: Chichimecs, Acolhuas, Aztecs. Although not wholly settled till later, all seem to have appeared before the year 1200.

While the Chichimecs, as has been indicated, were less advanced in arts than had been the Toltecs, this was not equally true of the Acolhuas, who may have been descended from some kindred of the Toltecs, and with whom the Chichimecs peacefully mingled and intermarried. So the progress toward civilization was hindered less than might have seemed likely. As for the Aztecs (or Mexicans), they were wanderers for a long time and held themselves aloof. They seem to have arrived from the northwest, where, perhaps, they built the *Casas Grandes*, of which notable ruins remain to the present. Then after further wandering they are said to have reached the present site of Tula, fifty miles north of Mexico City, where some ruins

can easily be observed. They were here only nine years. Finally they came to Chapultepec, "the hill of the grasshopper," about 1250 A. D. They went through one period of enslavement but were set free, so the story goes, because their masters, the Colhuas, were horrified by their religious sacrifices of human beings and the atrocious way in which they carried on war even when nominally under Colhuan control.

The Aztecs had never been far distant from Chapultepec since they first discovered it, and near it on an island they now settled themselves. It was the year 1325. The priests who advised the tribe said that they saw there an eagle sitting on a prickly pear and strangling a serpent in its talons. This they declared was a sign in fulfilment of earlier prophecy, and the place of their abiding was so fixed. The Mexican coins of today, as well as the national flag bear as insignia the eagle, the serpent and the cactus. Classic stories of the founding of other towns on sites oracularly pointed out may be interesting—the story of Rome for example. The Aztecs confirmed their tradition of religious cruelty by baptizing the new city in the blood of human sacrifices. In all their future they continued this evil practice. They showed, however, a genius for organization; for coping with natural difficulties, as in the construction of floating gardens before they could possess themselves of enough natural land; and for diplomacy, as when, by intermarriage of their princes with other royal families, they at last made themselves masters of the entire region round about.

It was an Aztec dynasty, the dynasty of the Montezumas, that Cortez found in 1519, or almost 200 years after the establishment of their city. That horribly cruel religious rites and inhuman conduct in war were familiar among them has been made clear, but it is also certain that better instincts were recognized among the people under their rule. Otherwise, how would the legend have been preserved that the independent existence of the Mexican

tribe came from a repugnance of their masters to their cruelty in religion and war? Similarly, it is clear that their government was aristocratic, but their familiarity with another ideal appears from the account of how the nobles obtained their power over the people. In 1425 the king and his advisers wanted to make war upon some neighbors, while the common people opposed it, fearing that the enemy would be too strong. The curious compact was made that war should be entered upon with vigor, that if it failed the people might exact of the nobles any forfeit, even their lives, but that if it succeeded, contrary to the dismal prophecy of the people, then they were to become slaves of the nobles. The war succeeded and the people were held to their unhappy promise. The form of government among neighboring tribes varied. The Tlascallans, who aided Cortez against the Mexicans because of an old enmity, were democrats. The interesting consideration here is as to the state in which matters were found by the conquerors from over the sea. Cruelty in practice by the rulers of the principal nation, though mercy was recognized as an ideal, and tyranny toward the poor, though the democratic principle had long been familiar, tell much of the condition. The Europeans brought no improvement in either of these respects. One other element worthy of mention was the strong religious vein, availed of by the craft and power of the priests, as unscrupulous as the Roman clergy a little later. In short, conditions were present to make easy either the improvement or the continued exploitation and degradation of the people.

The Spaniards came. Few chapters in the story of man surpass the record of daring, energy, cruelty, greed, perfidy, and religious hypocrisy on the one hand, and of patriotism, heroic self-devotion, and unavailing courage on the other, which marked the conquest. The Mexicans showed themselves not inferior to the Spaniards in valor, in strength, in organization, or even in military strategy;

but they had no horses, knew nothing of gunpowder, and were otherwise less effectively armed. Their chivalry was too high. On one occasion they sent food to the Spaniards because they disdained to fight a starving foe. Their superstition made them, and particularly Montezuma himself, very susceptible to the deceit of the Spaniards. Even with all these disadvantages, however, it would have required far greater forces than Cortez led to overcome them if, instead of having thousands of native allies, he had found all the tribes united against him. Like Greece in its fall, the native peoples lost whatever chance of perpetuity and continued development they may have had by not being able to stand united against the alien invader. Their downfall can scarcely be told with more dramatic effect in romances like Wallace's "The Fair God" than it is in a supposedly matter-of-fact history like Prescott's "The Conquest of Mexico."

Though it is not strange that Mexicans even of Spanish blood should celebrate the independence of their nation, there is something a little curious in the fact that, reviewing all this early history, they identify themselves throughout in thought and sentiment with the Indians rather than with the *conquistadores*. The finest statue between the heart of the capital and the castle of Chapultepec on one of the finest avenues of the world is a statue of Cuauhtemoc, the Aztec prince who refused to tell the Spaniards the whereabouts of his nation's treasure. A visit to the Academy of Fine Arts will fill the stranger with admiration of the same fact. Sculpture and painting, poetry and the eloquence of public speech, have all been devoted to magnifying the dignity, the generosity, the courage of the native race. Between the purest Castilian and the most thoroughly Indian elements of the people, Mexican patriotism knows no division in this. The conquered, not the conquering heroes, are the heroes and fathers of the nation. The ardent Mexican of any class resents being taken for a Spaniard.

The Government

The country was under the baneful domination of Spain from 1521, when the subjugation of the Aztecs was completed, to 1821 when Augustin de Iturbide, sent to suppress a revolution, led his forces over to the side of the insurgents and became the first head of independent Mexico. There had been uprisings before, notably one in 1810, led by Miguel Hidalgo, a priest, whose statue adorns some public square in almost every Mexican city; but the movements had succeeded only in creating and increasing a spirit of independence. There had been attempts, too, on the part of some governors and viceroys to mitigate the condition of the people and suppress the worst abuses of the clergy. On the whole, however, Spanish administration in Mexico, as in every other Spanish colony, was one of avarice, hardness, religious bigotry, and coercion. Perhaps the Inquisition was never practised in more devilish opposition to the principles it invoked than in unfortunate Mexico. In no land have the people shown more of the stuff of which martyrs are made, whether in the cause of patriotism or in the cause of true religion, than there. Initiative, though often strikingly shown, may at times seem to have been lacking, but never the resolution to suffer and to persevere. With the accession of Iturbide, who became the first Emperor, the Inquisition at least passed away. Other benefits were slower in coming.

China and Russia alone were greater in extent than the empire of which Iturbide found himself in command. It included Guatemala to the south, and to the northward set up claims on the western half of the continent even as far as the present border of Canada. There were as yet, however, neither settled principles of control, nor any means of developing this almost inconceivable realm. Disintegration began. A year had scarcely passed before Guatemala had seceded, and already a formidable republican movement had got under way. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna,

who had helped Iturbide to break the Spanish rule, now proclaimed the end of Iturbide's own power and the establishment of a republic. This was at the end of 1822.

With many ups and downs and intermittent warfare, the Mexican republic was maintained from 1822 to 1864, when the French interfered. During this period not only had Guatemala seceded, but Texas, on account of impatience among American settlers with the erratic and intolerant ways of President Santa Anna, and influenced by the southern party of the United States, had declared its independence. The war against the "North Americans" had been fought unsuccessfully, and more than an added half million square miles of territory had been relinquished as a forfeit of the struggle. Santa Anna, after a downfall and a return to power, had sold still another fifty thousand square miles to the United States. Yet internally the nation may be said to have improved, Santa Anna had been thrust out at last in 1855 and the dictatorship—for so it was—gave place to an actual republic. Benito Juarez, first as Minister of Justice, then as President, formulated what William H. Seward called the best plan of government ever devised. True, to make his admittedly right plans effective involved a struggle, the end of which was not to be in his lifetime, nor perhaps in ours. It was part of a world struggle to establish the right of all human creatures, not only to political and religious liberty, but also to some freedom in the exercise of their own productive powers and a share in the bounty of nature. The people, however, made their loyalty to Juarez unmistakable, and no more hopeful sign could have developed than the growth of an enlightened, consistent public sentiment. A new Constitution was adopted in 1857. The jurisdiction of ecclesiastical and military courts over civil cases was declared at an end, an evil which Iturbide's constitution had not even sought to remove. Religious toleration was guaranteed, the separation of church and state was declared, the control of the church over ceme-

teries was denied, the right of the church to possess landed property was abolished, civil marriage was instituted. The necessity for the two last named measures may well be explained at this point. The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, while the people still lived in abject poverty, was the richest church establishment in the world, owning over one-third of the total wealth of the nation. Even Roman Catholics, outside the reactionary group, admit that such a state of affairs is not desirable. Madame Calderon de la Barca, herself a devout Catholic, gave warning as early as 1841 that if reforms were not made by the church itself, they would be forced upon it, and that its cathedrals would perhaps be turned to "meeting houses" by Mexico's neighbors from the north. Regarding marriage, it is a curious reflection that this sacrament, first instituted to meet the needs of the alienated classes, to whom the old Roman law denied the right, had in Mexico and other Spanish countries been made so expensive that the poor could no longer afford it. Many thousands of children were illegitimately born because their parents could not pay the extortionate fees of the clergy. The institution of civil marriage did away with this to a great extent, and today no marriage in Mexico has legality except the civil marriage. The church, however, dissuaded or intimidated many from availing themselves of civil marriage. So indeed it does in many cases today. Similarly, the papal authorities threatened excommunication to all who professed liberal ideas. Juarez answered by banishing the bishops, the Papal Nuncio, and the Spanish representative. Though civil war followed, the possibility of rallying the friends of liberty by an appeal to the people and of defying superstition was proved.

In 1861 Napoleon III, seeing the United States on the verge of civil war and unable to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, conceived a gigantic scheme for the re-establishment of Latin power in the New World. He would recognize the southern Confederacy and strengthen it by all means in

his power. He even held out to the southern party the suggestion that if they should set up and make firm an independent confederacy, a union of Mexico with it would be favored in Europe. A considerable party in Mexico desired this extension of what had already happened to Texas. Mexican refugees and reactionaries in France, however, viewed it with no favor, preferring a French protectorate. Napoleon was treating with them while he falsely professed to favor the other plan. So the wily Bonaparte helped to precipitate the American civil war. To England he represented the desirability of limiting the power of the United States, but concealed his dream of a Latin and Roman Catholic empire. To Spain he revealed this dream of his but professed an intention that he seems never to have entertained—that of placing a Spanish prince on the throne. To Austria he divulged more fully the plan afterward attempted—that of compensating Austria for recent injuries which he had inflicted, by placing a representative of the Hapsburg line over the new empire; but even to Austria he did not emphasize his intention that France should control the puppet thus set up.

The pretext for definite action came when Juarez, as President of Mexico, announced that nothing could be paid and that no attempt would be made to pay anything on the Mexican national debt for two years. This was not repudiation and was perhaps as sound a thing as, in the impoverished condition of the country, he could have done. Two years of peace would enable him, he thought, to resume payment. Unfortunately, however, the announcement gave a pretext for France, Spain, and England, all creditors, to pounce down upon him. The United States, also a creditor, not only refused a tardy invitation to join them, but announced its readiness to loan money to Mexico if desired. A military expedition started in 1861, but England and Spain almost immediately learned that they were being duped and withdrew. Juarez was able to rally a stronger

support and maintain a greater resistance than had been anticipated. The United States, which had steadfastly recognized the little Indian statesman's government and refused to recognize the usurper, astounded all Europe by the resources put forth in dealing with the southern secession. Even the South itself, incensed at Napoleon's trickery, turned from him and his schemes. Certain politicians went so far as to propose that North and South make a truce till their united armies could sweep the French invaders into the sea. It was an exaggeration to declare, as has been done, that either President Davis or President Lincoln favored this. The idea was considerably discussed, however, which fact alone shows that unanimity of feeling regarding Mexico had come to be assumed previous to Lee's surrender. Maximilian, for whom, with his beautiful young wife, Carlotta, an appropriation of about a million dollars a year had been made from the hypothetical resources of a distracted, oppressed, and bankrupt nation, had proved equal only to the ornamental and ceremonial requirements of his office. So of all the deceived and disappointed parties to the whole scheme, barring the unhappy Maximilian and Carlotta, no one was more disappointed and humiliated than Napoleon III himself. The civil war in the United States being at an end, and emphatic demands for the evacuation of Mexico being made by the American Secretary of State, he felt obliged to comply. Maximilian and Carlotta refusing to join in this, he abandoned them. Maximilian was captured and shot at Queretaro, June 19, 1867, and Carlotta after a vain journey and appeal to both Napoleon and the Pope, went mad. The Mexican people have always regarded the pretty, lily-fair prince and his beautiful wife as unfortunate rather than as astute and sinister figures.

Now comes the most problematic turn in Mexican history. Juarez returned to the capital and took up the details of government as nearly as possible where they had

been interrupted five years before. One of his strongest military supporters had been General Porfirio Diaz whose patron and friend he was from the time when Diaz, as a boy, entered the law school at Oaxaca. He had trusted and befriended Diaz all along, and the younger man's loyalty up to this time seems not to be questioned. So far as the tangle of diverging stories and the deliberate coloring of records will permit a foreigner easily to judge, the military service of the young man had been of highest value. He had displayed courage, foresight, astuteness, and almost incredible vigor. Up to this time the relations of the two men were such as coming generations in Mexico might have looked upon with pride and gratitude. Juarez, however, was not only an enemy of church domination and of foreign domination, he was also an enemy of military domination. Himself a representative in blood, experience, and tradition of the class who had, perhaps, sacrificed more than any other for the maintenance of the nation, he firmly believed in their capacity to take part in governing themselves. His critics regard him as a doctrinaire in this and point not only to the untutored condition of the Indians, but to the fact that the military leaders who had helped to sustain the government must of course be reckoned with. They were sure, in view of their habits, to demand larger rewards than could accrue under a democratic government. Such demands they did in fact promptly make. What more simple and natural than that the country should be divided into military departments, that each general should be given a department from which he could farm revenues and in which he might administer government as he chose, and that the only return demanded should be unfailing payment of a quota, unfailing military support when needed, and unfailing assent to all the acts of the central government at all times? The plan of Juarez was undeniably more complex and far more difficult, one of the difficulties being that the generals would declare war on him if he did not satisfy them. He chose the

harder way. Diaz refused to follow, declaring adroitly that he could but sympathize with his old companions in arms, as years of service had unfitted them for high place in democratic civil life. He could by no means take the sword against them, he said, and the nation was not ready for the higher course.

Assuming that Juarez was right, had he been heartily supported by Diaz, there is little doubt that Diaz would in due time have been his successor upon the same principles. He stood second to Juarez in national prominence, and as a military figure had no equal. Supposing that Juarez was wrong, on the other hand, it seems strange that Diaz's withdrawal and later his active opposition in arms never accomplished the downfall of the little Indian idealist. Harassed by some whose support would have comforted and enormously aided him, nevertheless, until he died suddenly in 1872, five years after the departure of the French, fifteen years after his first elevation to the presidency, and seventeen years after he had announced the Juarez law concerning courts of justice, Juarez was able to maintain his government through that public support on which he relied. At Juarez's death, there was perhaps only one other man capable of weathering the storms to which the presidential office was subjected. In 1876, after four troublous years, in which he himself led part of the disturbances, Porfirio Diaz became president, and with the nominal exception of one four-year term, he has ruled the country ever since. He came in, however, upon a different principle from that of Juarez, and by a different principle he has ruled. The material development, which means also the exploitation of the national resources by foreign capital, has been phenomenal. The maintenance of order in spite of unsuccessful uprisings of which a censored press tells little, has on the whole been either commendable or sinister, according to the point of view, but in either case has been effective. Foreign capital and foreign settlers have been encouraged to participate

in the wealth of the country. It is even said that an Englishman, a German, or an American enjoys more security in his business enterprise than any native can feel, and conducts his enterprises on better terms than can be done by any native not belonging to the official governmental group. Meanwhile, the friends of the government declare that everything possible is being done to educate the masses and make them ready for what Juarez proclaimed fifty years ago—a democratic government. Assuming that progress is being made in this, the foreign observer is inevitably brought to feel that after thirty-five years of military despotism, the common people have much left to desire, and even if inclined to think that the dream of Juarez was impractical, he will still wish that it might have come true. As for the people themselves, in so far as they rise to the level of intelligent belief, they are enthusiastic, persistent, and unwavering in their assertion that, given a leader of the Juarez school, they could have realized Juarez's program. That President Diaz, though strong, efficient, and doubtless patriotic in motives, has ever in all his "unanimous" elections really been the object of popular choice, has only the flimsiest appearance of verity. His final election in 1910 was a caricature. The opposition forces had been shattered by the arbitrary and forcible breaking up of their meetings, the imprisonment of their leaders, and the intimidation by soldiers at the polls of voters with the hardihood to present themselves. The defenders of the government profess that a dignified and peaceful campaign would have been tolerated. Those interested in it, and many foreign witnesses as well, have declared that the campaign was notable for self-restraint under trying conditions. However that may be, an actual election was not permitted. The president, through members of his cabinet, had been warned that if the nation were thwarted then, revolution would follow. Uprisings did occur at once following the so-called re-election and within a few weeks took on serious proportions.

Recent travel and much inquiry in pacific quarters of the country warrant the assertion that discontent is general, not local, nor confined to a small class. Fundamentally its cause is economic, unjust division of benefits and preposterously unequal distribution of taxes being alleged; but the immediate demand is for political reform. It harks back to the little Indian legislator of 1855 as its prophet.

There is up to now only one name in all their annals, the mention of which will bring an emotional response of pride and veneration among Mexican citizens from the northern to the southern end of the country—one name that they delight to put beside that of Washington, who might have been a king, but who would not—and that is the name of Juarez. So strong is this sentiment that the President and every representative of the government, ignoring the historic relation of their régime to his, must join with what heart they can in the annual and occasional demonstrations of it. If a second name is put with that of Juarez in any spontaneous way, it is that of the patriot priest and first great martyr of Mexican liberty, Hidalgo. The time may come when, for a widely different service, a different kind of appreciation will be given to Porfirio Diaz with something like the same general accord; but the time is not yet. For better or worse he has had his day and the future will judge him. The revolution, sedition, brigandage, or whatever it may be called that has been going on steadily now for several months has been directed not against an old man whose control can no longer be more than nominal and whom the people would be willing to let die in peace, it is directed against those who may pretend to be his natural successors without having demonstrated the only right that can ever justify despotism, the right of might. Such right in his years of early vigor Porfirio Diaz proved in a remarkable degree. Such right will have to be shown by his successors if he is to have any. Otherwise, and probably, a new order will come. That it may come by adjustment

rather than by the drenching of the country in blood is the hope of every friend of the Mexican people.

II. Ocean Voyage, Yucatan, Vera Cruz

HERE are now several ways of approach to Mexico; but the historic way is by Havana and Vera Cruz. It was from the governor of Cuba that Cortez received his commission to go in quest of gold and adventure in 1518; and while he was not the first Spaniard to visit the Mexican coast, nor Vera Cruz the first place that his vessels touched, yet the successful invasion of the country began with his landing there in the spring of 1519. It would be a long story to tell of all the invaders and adventurers that have made Vera Cruz their port since his time, despite the absence of any protected harbor, which lack made Cortez destroy his fleet and which was never remedied till about the beginning of the twentieth century. As for railroads, even a generation ago when the building of one from the United States was proposed, the rulers of Mexico were accustomed to forbid it, saying, "Between the strong and the weak the desert is a necessity." It was in 1884 that railroad connection was first established. The land route, therefore, is not taken by anyone wishing to reconstruct the past; and even for a present sense of the individuality of our neighbor nation we should not choose to step over the imaginary border line from a town nominally American but still in a degree Mexican, to a town nominally Mexican but already a good deal Americanized. The broad track of the ocean, not the narrow glistening rail, shall take us to the land of our pilgrimage.

Leaving New York on a sleety and cruel Thursday of December or January, we slip down the East River, remaining on deck, whatever the cold, and letting the impres-

sion of our own perpendicular metropolis fix itself as strongly as it will on our departing vision. So we have said "good-bye" to the exigent Land of Now and have determined the picture that will return to us for contrast when we look on older cities in the "land of *mañana*," the land of the long yesterday. If we sight again any shore of the former country it will be as those who pass by, and with a feeling of detachment.

We find ourselves aboard a steamer which one member of the company, much traveled on trans-Atlantic *Lariganias*, can scarcely regard without amusement at its littleness. There is, however, a well-seasoned old captain, for this voyage a plain passenger like the rest of us, who says that our supercilious friend will change his estimate of the "Morro Castle." The fastest vessel of the Ward Line, she is admirable also for the steadiness of her going in all weathers. As for size, not many years ago there was no craft afloat that could belittle a ship of 9,500 tons.

This captain, born and grown in Ayr, Scotland, and as fond and proud of Bobbie Burns as becomes a good Ayrshireman, is just returning from a visit home after several years' work for "the Pearsons" at Vera Cruz and elsewhere. If we don't know who the Pearsons are, he evidently thinks that we ought to know; and doubtless we shall learn before we have finished our tour. On arriving in Vera Cruz, if we like he will take us aboard one of their dredging schooners, of which he was once in command. Now he is to become chief pilot of the new port of Salina Cruz, over on the Pacific.

The Scottish captain is not the only interesting passenger. On a ship bound for Liverpool or Hamburg one might find the list made up of persons like oneself, bent on merely "doing" the objective country or countries and then returning with the supposed gains of the expedition all jumbled or nicely assorted in their heads. But these people bound for Mexico are to be charged with no such

levity. They set out with as many large and grave desires as were ever registered at Wishing Gate. The young man with pink cheeks and curly locks has accepted in high hopes of advancement a position as secretary to an American railway official; and his parents, who think that every Mexican carries two pistols and a wicked heart, bade him a tremulous farewell at the wharf. The dark, resolute-looking, "tailor-made" girl is a school teacher, now to become a missionary, whose parents, if she has any, probably sent her from them with Spartan or Puritan fortitude. That angular countryman of ours with the long nose is going to bring suit against the Mexican Federal government for having diverted the natural water supply from a property in which he is interested. He can discourse to you roundly about the deviousness and perversity of the courts down there and of their servility to the wishes of the Executive. He, however, will bring pressure to bear from without, if no satisfaction is given; and he has an English partner who will apply for redress also through the British representative. The very quiet man in the modest clothes may be a professional gambler, the engineer of a mine three days' saddle ride from any railroad, or a United States secret-service man appointed to find out something or other at personal risk. There is a former ship's doctor going to set up practice in a new "camp," and an old man making, for him, a really perilous journey to learn the truth about a mine in which his savings are invested. The mine has been paying since the days of Captain Drake, who may have enjoyed some indirect dividends, but the management changes from time to time and will bear investigation. The brown, gesticulating group yonder, who talk Spanish too fast to be understood by the Cortina method, are on their way home to Guatemala. The small but efficient-looking young Mexican and his beautiful bride have spent two weeks of their honeymoon in New York, where the *señora*, lately *señorita*, found her greatest delight in the Hippodrome. Do not on that account

question her culture or her seriousness. Her playing on the ship's piano tonight was brilliant. She can discuss with meaning the literature of either her own language or ours. She and her husband are loyal but not implicit Catholics with advanced political ideas; and they assured us that while they do not favor revolution just now, nevertheless, once President Diaz is safely retired, they and scores of thousands are prepared to resist the succession of any but a progressive man. She is interested in social advancement and has herself been a teacher of the poor on her father's plantation. In a little aside she declared her conviction that Mexican girls become model wives in their faithfulness and their devotion to all the interests of their husbands, but generally the Mexican man is not so good a husband as the American of her acquaintance. If her own husband were not an exception, of course, as touching this subject, she would hold her finger upon her lips forever.

This business of reviewing our fellow passengers, some consultation of Terry's and Campbell's guide books, a little study of Spanish, a good deal of parading the deck, and hours given to the sights of the sea, will fill the next week or more. We are due to arrive at Vera Cruz on Friday but Captain Ayrshire says we probably shan't—Sunday morning is more likely;—and so we may as well sink into comfortable quiescence. The study of Spanish, even, may be dispensed with altogether, for the ship's stewards are all Americans or Britons and we are advised one can make one's way anywhere in Mexico now by the aid of English alone, so general has its use become. This is demonstrated by many tourists every year. Yet by the aid of from fifty to two hundred Spanish words and a little knowledge of the grammar, one can travel with added pleasure and satisfaction. Often a clerk or waiter who is advertised to speak English will understand better even the most limited and halting Spanish. The Mexican people everywhere appreciate any evidence that a stranger has taken pains to

learn a little of their *idioma*, which is probably of all languages the easiest as it is certainly one of the most rewarding of casual study.

The first event will be the sight, early Sunday morning, of palms above an amber beach that someone says is Florida. We think we have heard the name in connection with the doings of one De Leon. As for our much-traveled friend, he has heard that there is wireless connection along the coast and goes to ask if the Aerogram for the day is issued yet. He is interested, not in the Fountain of Youth nor in a mythical El Dorado, but in the success of the orange crop. All day Sunday this low land and the flotilla of keys that trail away to the southward will be visible, the canvas of many sailing vessels contrasting prettily with the green of the islands. When the sun goes down among them, imagination may flash forward at once to New Old Spain, in its larger conception; for on the morrow we shall find ourselves not in Mexico to be sure, but in Cuba.

Incidents and a Long Wait

At daybreak Monday morning on the first voyage that I took we were called and told that Morro Castle was in sight. The name filled us with a not unpleasant excitement then, for the incidents of the American war with Spain had not yet passed from tense actuality into the calm atmosphere of history. We were entering the tragic presence of the battleship Maine, through a portentous gateway, on our way to a foreign, romantic, and more or less magical city. It was a great moment. There, surely enough, was the castle at the left, there were the answering batteries on the other side, and there were we, breathlessly stealing in between the two terrors. This feeling gave way almost instantaneously to another, an appreciation of beauty that can no more be described than it can be forgotten. With its tower lamp held up like a yellow blossom against the flush of dawn, the castle, for all its bulk, has no frowning reality. Its lines

and those of the rampart farther in must have been hard enough once; but the mellow hue of decay, the half-concealment of venerable trees, and other quieting touches have at last subdued it all to a picture of loveliness. Beyond spreads the wide harbor, and along it the low built town of many colors, all harmonious in the dim light, its sky line varied by many palm trees and here and there by church towers that could not belong in an Anglo-Saxon country.

The flag of the United States was floating over the castle just then, and our ship cast anchor near the wreck of the Maine. I hired a russet-colored man with a heavy boat and a tattered red sail, bare feet, and a yellow cigarette to take me around the wreck. We went ashore and visited among other things the old Cathedral, where the sexton assured us of as much history as he could by declaring several times with a good deal of emphasis, "Columbus—ashes! Ashes—Columbus!" We understood this kind of Spanish very well, as far as it went, and our guide books reminded us how Columbus was first buried according to his own wish on the island of Santo Domingo; how, later, in 1795, when the French took the island, certain bones purporting to be his were brought from there to Havana, and how, in 1898 when in turn Cuba was lost to the Spaniards they took the relics away with them to Seville.

In this city of 300,000 inhabitants we began to sense a few of the facts, to see characteristic pictures, and to feel the spell of Latin America. It has two of the five largest cities on the western continent, and may boast a half dozen cities all larger than Havana, which, however, surpasses Antwerp, Dublin, or Hong Kong. In any of them Anachronism, a figure that walks openly enough in every modern town, would be as plain to northern eyes as here, and show as pleasing guises.

Cuba should have only passing mention on our way. We were aboard again before sundown. The view of Havana from an outbound ship at nightfall is most beautiful.

There is no bewilderment of lights as in New York, but a thin line of sparks like a string of gems dangles along the shore for miles, a suffused glow reveals the outlines of things even more romantically than they appeared in the morning; and the personality that one ascribes to every harbor city appears at Havana to be one of tenderness, as thus seen and left.

Sea life is more abundant and varied in the Gulf than in the Atlantic. Flying fishes, like little creatures of silver, are passed frequently, and from time to time a school of porpoises, bent on making their way across the path of the ship, recall the antics of sheep bolting through a gateway. There is such a thing as heavy grace, and the porpoise at play embodies it.

Three days from our arrival at Havana, or two days and an added night of actual sailing, bring us to the west coast of Yucatan. This time there is no gateway with ancient castles for newel posts, no enclosed harbor with space for a thousand ships, no domes and towers to enhance the sky line, no murmurs of an indolent city's awakening. There is nothing but the word of the officers to tell you that you are riding opposite Progreso, the port of Merida, which is the capital of Yucatan and has more per capita wealth than any other city in Mexico. No place could be more devoid of shelter; and while Progreso is an important discharging point the estimates of cost for an artificial harbor have always in the past been such as to discourage the undertaking. If you inquire you will be told that there is no better place along the whole Yucatan coast. "We used to stop at Campeche," says the quartermaster, "and that's over a hundred miles farther south. It looked as bad and was in fact worse. When they told you you were off Campeche you saw nothing but water and sky, with a little rim of sand between. Yucatan has no harbors."

But we have not begun to make acquaintance with Progreso. The delay must be pardoned as it is unavoidable.

The authorities forbid the landing of a person or a pound till the medical officer of the port has honored us with a visit and inspection. In this they follow the American example. The *Señor Doctor*, however, has too much dignity, too much appreciation of comfort, too much regard for social amenities among his friends, to follow the abrupt, matter-of-fact business ways of his American counterpart. If the breeze is too stiff or if the clouds seem to threaten, if there is a bull fight or a wedding afoot, or if he is engaged in a friendly game of cards, clearly it would be inconvenient for him to come out. On one visit of mine the twelve-hour stop of the steamer was lengthened to forty-eight, and on another to sixty-five. We may as well generalize, therefore, about the configuration along the peninsula, about the habits of certain public functionaries, about human progress toward the millenium or toward the vanishing point. For it is impossible, even on ship-board, to talk all the time about one's meals.

When all else fails we can look over the rail at the sharks. This has a fascination, uncanny enough in daytime but of multiplied power and hatefulness at night if there happen to be lamps by which the ghastly and noiseless forms can be discerned. Yes, indeed, they will come up in plain sight enough, and not by ones and twos but by the half-dozen. To be sure, they cannot, however they try, produce quite the *appliqué* effect that is seen in Winslow Homer's painting of the Gulf Stream. They must remain suspended in and somewhat identified with the medium that they infest; and there is a certain unreality about one of them, however obvious he makes himself. Is it not so with all creatures of prey—the tiger, the owl, or the pirate ship, if you ever observed any of them in their haunts? You are not so sure of them as of a cow, or a lumber barge. Still, the sharks at Progreso will do all that you have any right to expect in the interest of verification and definiteness. They will take a hook if you bait it with a chunk of fish or odorous

meat as large as a ham, and you can try the muscular sense upon them. When you have brought one up to the surface, with the help of fellow passengers, and have lost your only hook, the mate will assure you that they are much easier to "drown" than a bass if you work them rightly, and that the only way to land one is with a runnin' bowlin' around his tail.

Nights at Progreso are lonely to a stranger on deck. Perhaps there is no doctor whose business it is to come out and examine us. Perhaps there isn't any town, though there are a few lights over there to the eastward that look human and wistful. Everything ashore, for aught that we can tell, may be as when Francisco Cordoba skirted this coast in 1517. Nothing is very certain. One passenger who had spent two days and nights thus with the sharks and the gulls, the water and the sky, the warm, unctuous air, the distant lights, and the solitude put his mood into rather sentimental verse :

What meaning have the terms of space—
What is it to be near, or far?
I have not altered, though apace
Removed, nor felt that your loved face
Would alter, or the inward grace
That makes you what you are.

And what reality has time?
Is this not hard to understand—
Half miserable, half sublime,—
That now my thoughts with yours may chime
And still for lagging Fortune's prime
I wait, to grasp your hand

I do not know, but when at night,
In low, companionable tone,
The waves console each other—bright
The long familiar stars, and sight
Leaps home to every landward light,—
I know I am alone!

At times the port is far from lonesome, and humor is more natural than melancholy. I saw a half dozen American and European vessels there at one time, some having

waited three days already for the perfunctory attention of the port officers. It is diverting to imagine the inside appearance of a man's mind who can thus make large numbers of persons and great values in property wait for release upon his petty convenience and then can show himself complacent and polite as if nothing incongruous had happened. Certainly he has not a Yankee sense of the absurd. "And so that is the Mexican way, is it!" you exclaim. Well, it is a familiar way among certain grades of officials.

There will be doings about the ship almost interesting enough to make one stay aboard, once the embargo is removed. Cattle will be lifted either by the horns or in slings out of the hold and dropped into the "lighters" that have come alongside. A great many American cattle of good breeds go to Yucatan, you are told. If you have been studying Spanish you will enjoy the admonition "*Poco a poco!*" ("Little by little") as pianos are deposited bottom-side up in another lighter. You may see currants from Italy, butter from Denmark, and corn from the United States, if it so happens. You will learn that Yucatan imports nearly everything and exports chiefly one thing, henequin, which is the fiber of a kind of century plant used to make binding twine for reapers, and coarse inferior rope. You wonder that the rest of the world can afford to send Yucatan the means of subsistence in exchange for such a commodity; and you are told that in fact a mere subsistence is a small part of what the rest of the world has accorded most owners of henequin plantations. As for the workers in it, they must be considered separately.

One puzzling thing is the incredible activity of the barefoot workers in these native barges. Only monkeys or squirrels are expected to be so nimble, only horses to be so strenuous and unstinting of energy. They do not illustrate your general idea of Mexican lassitude. You make note of them, but as yet they remain unclassified.

The Land of Henequin

By the time the ship's tender is ready to leave, you have decided that after all you had better go ashore. You have already seen enough of the "lightering" process to give you a notion of the rest.

Progreso, you discover, isn't anything but a good light-house and a port without a harbor, which stands second to Vera Cruz in the republic for quantity of imports received. The government now proposes to build jetties as has already been done elsewhere, the necessary length being four or five miles and the cost several millions of dollars. As for the town, it is credited with 5,000 inhabitants whose dwellings straggle a considerable distance along the beach. It has a park, a church that cost more money to build than a town of the size would afford at home, a bull-ring, a market that will offer a great variety of sensations to eye and ear without undue offense to the nostrils, and a railway station by which one may leave for Merida.

It is a low, flat country, with little vegetation except scrub trees and presently the henequin, which you easily distinguish because of its arrangement in straight rows. The plants, if allowed to grow haphazard, would arouse no suspicion of their being worth anything, gray-green, juiceless-looking, sword-shaped leaves radiating from a gnarled stalk, and growing out of a dry, dust-and-ashes-looking soil, if indeed they do not grow out of the limestone itself. Standing valiantly in their rows, however, they command instant respect, and knowing that they extract annually twenty million dollars' worth of value (American money) from the unferile soil of the peninsula, you can easily view them as typifying man's subjugation of the world. The poorer the soil for any other crop, the more sturdily henequin is said to grow upon it, and the larger the quantity of growth, the better also the quality of fiber.

At intervals you will see a little hamlet or the buildings of a plantation with its windmills. A clump of palms

marks the location of a well. Water of excellent quality is said to abound in Yucatan, but it is all underground water, which must be drilled for and pumped. The soil for gardens and most field crops has also to be brought artificially, the rocks being first broken by blasting. So you no longer wonder at the variety of imports that you saw coming ashore from your own and other vessels, though you had supposed perhaps that corn would come more cheaply from some parts of Mexico. Surely in parts of the country, being the staple food of the poor, it must be cheaper than in Nebraska. So indeed it is in parts, and at times; but you are told that crops have been bad for two or three years and transportation and other facilities being as they are and the demand in each Mexican state so nearly equaling the production, American corn is to be had at less cost. This does not wholly dismiss the subject from your mind. Butter from Kansas or from Denmark at a *peso* a pound does not stagger you, nor currants at any price, because, as Mark Twain declared about principles, one can do without them; but that the poor, who must have their corn, should be buying it from the United States disturbs our feeling that the low compensation of labor is somehow adjusted to low costs in a bountiful land.

From the car windows you catch glimpses of the poor natives and reflect that they have at least one economic advantage, that of needing few clothes. At the same time you will become aware of a merit in them—such garments as they wear are astonishingly clean. This is not a condescending remark that on the whole, considering poverty and ignorance, they do very well; it goes farther than that. For in fact it is hard to conceive how people can trudge up and down the dusty roads bearing their burdens, in and out through the dusty fields at their toil, and keep their white clothing so spotless as these people do. It makes one lift up one's head in pride. If the evolution theory is a correct guess, to be a human being is after all a great thing and

must signify a long upward process. The Mayas, who are the native race of Yucatan, did not learn from the Spaniards to weave their cloth, nor to cut and drape it in simple grace, nor to color in native dyes their threads with which to embroider it. As for keeping it clean, if you study that habit among them you will conclude that it also must have been a long time fixed.

Another comforting observation is that, whatever the wage scale, or the submergence below any such, whatever the cost of living, the seeming scantiness of fare, or the rate of mortality, these are not an emaciated people. Their well-rounded limbs, flat backs and full chests, well-poised heads and full contour of face do not tell of starvation. It must be that to some conditions for which writers have pitied them, they are adjusted by immemorial breeding. You will find this same observation holds in other parts of the republic (we call it so for convenience); and you had better draw all proper comfort from it, as some of the standard tests just mentioned will show badly enough when you come to apply them.

While the train speeds along its level and easy way, you speculate further about these golden-bronze men and women with their glistening white garments and their statu-esque figures. Is it not an Oriental fact about them that they can be well fed upon almost nothing, and are they not Oriental in the calm continuance of their own ways of dress and their own style of habitation? For even the wretchedly poor do give some hints of what architecture they approve. Here are questions that the learned have, perhaps, not considered specifically, though the larger one as to origin has been often before them.

Recurring to cleanliness, you ask whether all Mexican laborers are like these. Your more way-wise companion will counsel you not to press that query but only to mark these that you have seen in your note-book.

Whoever these people are, you will remember them

with a warmth of gratitude for having made spots so vivid in a barren landscape.

We are traveling now under an arrangement with the Yucatan Tours Bureau, so cabs will await us on our arrival in Merida. It has a population above 40,000 and the reputation of being the cleanest city of all Mexico. Its well-washed asphalt pavements, the orderliness of the business streets, and the look of freshness about the buildings in general justify this title.

You will be sure to notice the beauty of some of the gardens, and will be told not only that every tree and shrub had to be planted, but also that the soil in which they grow had to be transported and paid for by the cubic meter. The vegetable gardens of the city are grown by Chinese.

In the way of sights you will be taken to a half-million-dollar theater, to a cathedral finished in 1598 at a cost of \$150,000, to the house of Montejo, built by a Spanish worthy of that name in 1549 or only a little over a half century after the first voyage of Columbus. You will be taken also to the Government Palace and will note that it is a substantial structure but will not care for details. Very soon one learns in Mexico that the things to see are not "the sights." The picture of the city in general, with its many gesticulating windmills, the occasional glimpses of beautiful courts within the solid old dwellings, the unexpected presence of a few houses that would not be amiss in Baltimore, the panorama of strangely varied life—this is what feeds the imagination more than concrete and particular show objects. Cosmopolitan looking Mexicans and cosmopolitan looking strangers mingle with the most outlandish-looking foreigners and the most characteristically garbed of Mexicans—the women with their idealizing *mantillas* and the men with their abnormally big *sombreros* balanced above abnormally slim legs. Here too come the Mayas in their cotton with colored borders, their quiet self-possession, and their Oriental reserve.

If you can you will visit the museum; and having gone

you will regret that you have not a day for the statuary and other Maya curios here preserved. You will be certain later, however, to visit the National Museum at the capital, where a mere tourist can do more in a given length of time.

If you are to continue with the same vessel, you will see nothing of the world-famous ruins of Yucatan, those gigantic and ponderous as well as beautiful relics of a people whose forefathers may have been the earliest of human kind, as some scholars believe. Again, if you must, you will console yourself in your purpose to see other ruins, not like these and not so old, it may be, but of such character and such antiquity as to fill us with the same awe of the greatness of the past in our western hemisphere. If, on the other hand, you can spare a week till the next steamer, as I never could, you may easily spend a day or two on a henequin plantation, and visit the most accessible Yucatan ruins, those of Uxmal. They do not need to be reconstructed by the imagination and the patience of the archaeologist, they stand clear and real for the eye and the camera of whoever seeks them out, not only in the solidity of their age-old walls but in the loveliness, astonishing variety, and unexplainable subject-matter of their decorations. Elephants, leopards, and other animals not associated in our minds with any American civilization are plainly represented. How old are they? How old is Egypt? There are serious and painstaking scholars who believe that the wondrous builders of these colossal and rich palaces, temples, and tombs were as early in their progress as the builders and sculptors of the Nile valley. They are old. But you do not wish to tarry with one who knows them only from having gone over books and printed views in delight and amazement. John L. Stephens has written about them, and there are later supplemental writings. The ruins cover square miles of area and constitute only one of many groups in Yucatan.

So it is recent history to recall that Spaniards caught

sight of the peninsula in 1506 or that they landed upon it in 1518, or that they made their first settlement in 1528. Columbus and his voyages were but a little while ago.

It will not take much travel to suggest, and any added travel will only confirm the impression that Yucatan is somehow related to Florida, though geologists doubt or deny it. The train ride from Progreso to Merida across the low land with its scrubby growth and its many pools and marshes would have called up remembrances of certain Florida scenery even if one had not just sailed along the keys that are like the dotted line between two heavy pen strokes. Yucatan is not to be thought of as coming under our first general description of Mexico at all, for it compares with the main land as Florida compares with the Rocky Mountain country.

There is likely to be less haste in getting back to the steamer than there was to catch the morning train. In Progreso a visit can be made to one of the great sisal (henequin) warehouses and time can be taken to notice the quality and quantity of the material ranged in great 400-pound bales upon the wharves. Here, as on the plantations, little mules propel the flat cars that convey it along narrow-gauge tramways; and the bales mass up as do cotton-bales on the wharves at New Orleans, by the thousand.

No one who has been reading about Mexico can leave Merida and Progreso without asking as to the status of the people who do the work on the plantations. On a recent trip I devoted a large part of my time to just this inquiry.

Are Yaquis deported here from far-away Sonora? Yes, certainly, as a war measure.

Are they ill treated? They are accorded the same treatment that the native Mayas receive. There is no occasion to treat them with special severity since they are as industrious, peaceable, and dependable as any workers in the republic. After all, however, they are somewhat undesirable in one respect, that they die very rapidly when brought to this climate so different from their own.

What is implied by saying that they are treated like the Maya laborers? Are they slaves? No one uses the word *slave* in Mexico. The laws and the Constitution forbid slavery. The people are held without sanction of law, but with the connivance of the courts in a feudal bondage to the land. The owner of the land exercises a power whose limits are seldom discussed and the people look to him for whatever protection, guidance, and means of subsistence they are to have.

Can they leave at will? Not if they are in debt, as is usually the case.

Can they be transferred at the will of the owner? He can transfer his debt-claim, yes. But he seldom wishes to, except when he sells the land, as labor is scarce.

Are the slaves—that is the workers—ever beaten or otherwise maltreated? Doubtless, sometimes, but sensational books exaggerate. A great many owners are kind to their work people. Some make great personal effort and sacrifice for their welfare, and feel it a serious responsibility. Food, housing, personal treatment, and exactions of labor vary, of course, with different owners.

Still, if there should be here and there a cruel owner or overseer, the laborers are at his mercy, are they not? What redress have they? Well, there are shyster lawyers who will take the case of such laborers, but often the workers find the attempt difficult and dangerous. The fact is the authorities have favored a pretty tight hold on the only kind of labor that seems possible here; and that means a pretty strong exercise of control by the owners.

If a man owes fifty dollars which I am willing to pay in order to secure his service, can he go away with me of his own choice? You would have to get his employer to go before a judge and sign a release, indicating that all the man's debt is discharged by your payment of fifty dollars.

Then the fact is that by my help the man may with difficulty free himself, and without help he would certainly be



Courting



Vera Cruz



Exterior Church of Santo Domingo, Oaxaca



Interior Church of Santo Domingo, Oaxaca



Oaxaca Cathedral



The "Zocalo," Oaxaca



General View of Artificial



Mosaic Design, Mitla



Harbor, Salina Cruz



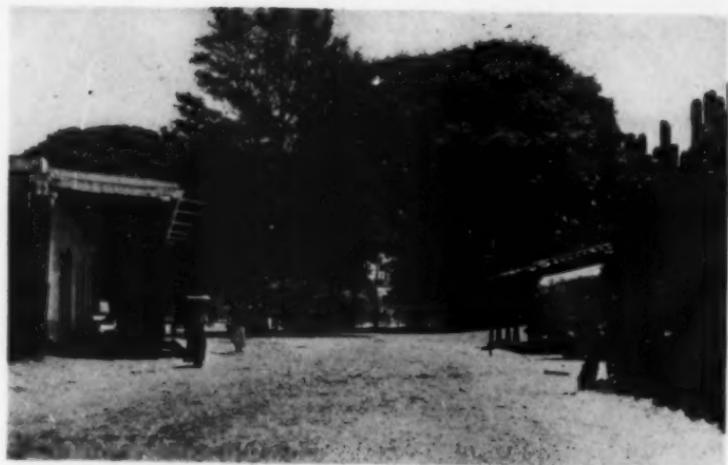
Giant Tree at Tule



Turkeys Going to Market



On the Road to Mitha



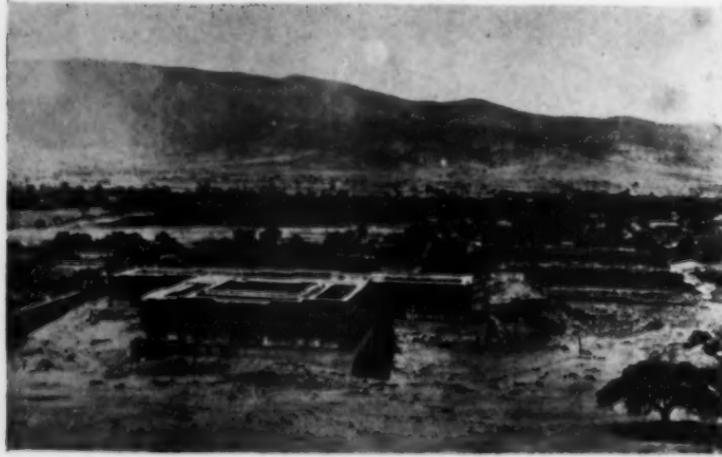
Modern Village of Mitla—Hotel on the Left



Hall of Monolithic Columns, Mitla



Part of Mitla Ruins from Church Roof



An Interior, Ruins of Mitla



unable, unless his employer saw fit to release him? That is one way of putting it, yes.

And what excuse is there, in a country with a modern Constitution and with enlightened laws on its statute books, for maintaining such a system? The excuse of business necessity. These people would not do the needed work on a voluntary basis; and the labor problem could not be met at all. The system is not defensible by argument, it is not what it ought to be, but to change it seems impossible. We believe these natives are generally and for the most part better off with some one both to command them and to provide for them. Left to themselves they are both improvident and lazy.

The above, though a composite of several interviews with men in official authority, in business relations, or otherwise well qualified to know, represents the unanimous and, except in details, the unvarying replies that were given me on the points raised. I talked with no one of radical sympathies. It is only as to frequency or infrequency of gross abuse that difference of opinion exists. And without having spent a good deal of actual time among the plantations, one's opinion on this must be taken either from such testimony as one can gather, or from settled doctrines as to the tendency of arbitrary and irresponsible power and the natural effect on its unwilling objects.

Everyone is doctrinaire enough to infer something from general principles. Standing on the wharf ready for departure one looks at the clean, coarse fiber in its bales, thinks of its growth under the ardent but not unwholesome rays of the sun, and would be willing to vote that no man should betray another simpler man into debt and servitude in order to obtain its cultivation. Free labor and a fair share of its return, together with the strict punishment of anyone who advances money on a labor contract, might be hard for existing enterprise to adjust itself to; but on broad humanitarian lines one would be willing to see it honestly, bravely

and persistently tried. Even should production fall off, there are worse things conceivable. One goes away inclined to give the exploited poor the benefit of the doubt. "That is," retort the defenders, "you would be willing to try experiments at some one's else expense." There may indeed be many things that one would hesitate to try at one's own expense, yet which the most rudimentary justice demands. Disinterested public opinion is needed to arbitrate.

Aboard again, and ashore again! This time, after two nights and a day, it is Vera Cruz. It might have been Tampico, another important and somewhat expensive man-made harbor 250 miles farther north, if we had cared to change lines at Progreso. We should have fared the worse, however; and unless in the way of hunting or tarpon fishing should have had little reward for it. Eight days, less a few hours, is the time from leaving New York till you anchor at Vera Cruz, if the port inspection at Progreso is made promptly. It is said that this sometimes happens.

Encircling the Square—Evening and Morning in Vera Cruz

Vera Cruz has a delightful little park with so many fine trees that its conventionality does not appear. It has a good military band to play martial and other airs in the evening, and a hotel of an aspect as old as Ferdinand and Isabella, from under the *portal* of which the band can be heard to advantage. There are two or three hundred girls who walk round the outer square of the plaza making themselves part of the little poem to which the trees and the music also belong. A visitor who could afford to dash illusions to the ground would call only a very few of the girls beautiful; and there are at least two or three for whom an attempt at modernity has resulted in the absurd. Most, however, are picturesque, and have a quaintness that makes them pleasant to look at in the well-filtered though abundant light. They come to enjoy the music and the activity,

to distract the minds of an equal number of less interesting young men, and to play, perhaps, with some mild distraction in their own pretty heads. Some have older women as visible accessories, for others mother love is watchful from the benches among the trees, and for still others, as Vera Cruz is a coast town and has learned foreign ways, perhaps no one is vigilant. The girls revolve like a circlet of paper flowers in one direction, and the young men in a circle without take the opposite direction, by which ingenious plan mutual admiration can exchange glances twice on each round. Still a third circle is made up of the lower-class people, men and women, who also love the music, the light and flickering shadows, and a bartering of glances if it were worthy of attention. For one thing I have watched them and have not seen it. There is no look of envy or resentment toward those whom Fortune has placed nearer the center of the wheel of happiness. They belong to a docile, placidly reflective race who take most things for granted. Of the three revolving rings the outmost is not the least satisfying to romantic eyes. As for the young men, they will show better in daytime, when one does not so greatly miss the tight-fitting leather or velvet that they ought to be wearing instead of the foreign clothes which they have not yet learned to wear, and when they and we have other thoughts than now. One smiles at the young men here in the evening.

There are Americans who eat and drink too much under the *portales*. There are money changers who demand five per cent, to enhance the better currency than theirs which you have to offer. There are, to be sought in due time, great high-posted beds canopied with mosquito netting, now less needed than a few years ago, but still not amiss as a precaution; the beds are two in each room, and a room is as large as a town hall. If you get a front room, which is best, you will have air to breathe, will see new charms of the park, but will be kept awake by street noises,

including those of electric cars. A flat wheel in Vera Cruz sounds very much as it would in Hoboken. So also does a phonograph whose voice is changing.

All these things are easily to be seen and experienced.

You may incline to hasten away because of the reputation of the port for mosquitoes and fever. If your fortune is like mine recently, however, you will see nothing to suggest mosquitoes but the netting over the bed. I remember when they were in evidence. As for fever, in the winter months it is rare, and not so prevalent at any season as a decade ago. The reports give from one to a dozen deaths per month from the population of 25,000, and these chiefly among the classes who cannot or will not meet the requirements of sanitation. Probably you will not take a sip of water in the city except what is bought in bottles at a sufficient price; and this is well enough; but still you ought to be told that the city water obtained from the Jamapa River is passed through great filtration beds on which a good deal of money has been spent, that there is a two-million-dollar sewage system, and that conditions generally are much better than when the bad reputation of the city was established. No one used to stay in Vera Cruz longer than necessary, and any foreigner whose work held him there would have his family no nearer than Orizaba.

It may happen, if your steamer makes port in the morning, that you will have an enforced wait of a day in which to learn some of these things for yourself. Then perhaps you will make a trip to the old Castle of San Juan de Ulua. Begun in 1528, built at an inflated cost of forty million *pesos* in all, but, like more recent works at Vera Cruz, done well if bravely charged for in the bill, beaten upon by the untempered storms of the open sea, captured more than once by buccaneers, made the last stronghold of Spain in the war for Mexican independence, later occupied, in 1838, by the French and again, in 1847, by an American fleet, witness in its dungeons of miseries untold, and still the frowning

tomb of many civil or political offenders in whom hope is dead, San Juan de Ulua has a more varied and awesome history than any other fortress on the western continent. The Spaniards are gone forever, and it is known how they kept prisoners in mere manholes where the tide would rise to their necks. Other cruelties more revolting are known. The military rule under which Porfirio Diaz has held the country being not yet at an end, we do not know fully what goes on in this most dreaded prison. The dungeons and the manholes are still there; but our guide book naively says that the humane government does not use them.

If you go out upon one of the jetties, at the end you will see boys fishing with long lines, heavy "sinkers," and large bait for fish diminutive, though of brilliant colors, or they may be flying kites out here where no trees or wires obstruct. You should admire the masonry, and read from your guide book that harbor protection at Vera Cruz cost four hundred years and thirty million *pesos* (\$15,000,000).

You will surely walk or ride out from the main plaza to the Alameda, another, more informal park, and so out the *Paseo de los Cocos*. The winter temperature is delightful. From one of the benches on a Sunday or a holiday you may review a great deal of life.

This *Paseo de los Cocos* has not one striking feature, unless the stretch of avenue and park itself with the rows of graceful trees be meant. Yet, to the visitor with a leisure hour, there is something about the street as a whole that will make itself felt as unique. There are typical houses of every style that the varied character of the people would suggest, including the American, and of every quality from that of comparative affluence to that of the poorest laborer. Whoever has traveled in the South of the United States and has gone up and down the streets of a negro quarter in any but a very large town with his imagination alert will know what is meant by saying that houses of the negro-cabin type, though not all occupied by negroes, predom-

inate. The little dwellings are pretty in their way, most of them, and decently kept. The fine avenue of trees lends to them a setting that their owners could never have procured. The air of the whole place seems one of greater contentment, of more relaxation and ease of life than the representative Mexican street will give. For the Mexican poor may suggest patience or abject submission to a miserable state; but they seldom show the happy abandon of the negro. As you go along here there is a feeling that normally the world is kind even to the poor. Arrived at the end of the avenue you stand by a statue of liberty whose design you will soon forget, and your eye sweeps on over a view of country that will not be so soon forgotten. The statue marks for these people the end of what is accomplished or determinate; but the road goes on, and there are still palms that wave gracefully, and gentle hills that rim in the picture, and sky that is deep with haze—a soft enlargement every way that if it does not summon them to largeness of achievement must beguile them into largeness of comfort. They are not poets or wordy commentators; but they do come out here and look—have we not seen them doing so, quietly, by families, the white, the black, the yellow, and the various blends of these? If you walk back along the *Paseo* in the gathering twilight you will fancy that the natural scene is reflected in all that you pass. It may be only a fancy but it is likely to remain.

There is an evening train for the highlands, but if you take it you will miss the evening view of the city and what is worse will be able to see little on the way up. So you will doubtless choose to spend the night at *Hotel Diligencias*. From your balcony when you awake you will become aware of a rather fine old church fronting the park, lovely in color, admirable in lines, and of impressive solidity. From your vantage point at a distance you have seen it at its best.

You will betake yourself in the half-light to the railway station, which is less than half lighted, and will vaguely

hope that you are enough awake to have found the right way out of this perilous and purgatorial state to the paradise of your expectations. You will have learned that a modern union station, in keeping with the substantial customs houses, postoffice, light house, and other public buildings, is under construction; but this will not relieve you of groping through the old one. Make your way to the ticket window and ask for a time table and the agent will tell you "*No hay*" which is pronounced as if alluding to the darkness, "No eye," and which means that the thing desired is non-existent. You will become familiar with it in Mexico partly because every second-hand American wag will emphasize its recurrence. As for time tables, doubtless the passenger is expected to carry the *Guia Oficial*, a monthly railroad guide to be had at trifling cost.

There is so much in anticipation that Vera Cruz may seem only a gateway and you bid it no lingering farewell. Yet this town which was almost a century old when Shakespeare and Cervantes wrote, has a great deal of history that may be read before and after the observations of a day; and even apart from reading you may find more direct impressions treasured in mind from your first day in Mexico than just now you are aware.

III. Tehuantepec, Oaxaca, Mitla

AS yet there can be no just quarrel with the goings or the tarryings of our journey because they have involved little choice; but henceforth there is all the latitude that a great country of varying interests affords. The visitor for a few weeks must choose, then harden himself against all distracting allurements.

Mexico City is in mind when Vera Cruz is left, not only because it is now the capital and metropolis but because in historic times it has always claimed this distinction and because the route thither is the most famous in the republic. Economy of travel, however, will dictate that some other places be visited earlier. We turn southward toward the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, over the *Vera Cruz al Istmo* Railway to a restaurant with an American manager and Chinese service which bears the devout Castilian name of *Santa Lucretia*. There may be a colony of alligators to swell the importance of the place, for alligators do abound in parts of the Coatzacoalcos River; but the freedom with which native women and children bathe below the iron bridge would argue that the alligators, if present, are little regarded. What makes Santa Lucretia of any note is that there the railroad has its junction with the trans-isthmian route called the *Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec*. We are on our way to the Pacific terminus of that line, better known in Europe than in the United States, which it is prophesied will be an enduring rival of the Panama Canal for all freight traffic between the two oceans.

The traveler who left Vera Cruz in the morning reaches Santa Lucretia about bedtime. The eating house, as one writer has nicely phrased it, suggests the old California mining camps with their "cheap bars and camp grub." "Here," he declares, "you put your zinc teaspoon into the sugar-bowl lest you offend by superior ways; drink without

wincing if anyone asks you to, and hold your tongue." In a literary way I would not criticize this. As to its meaning, I have never tried wincing over a drink, or loosing my tongue in disparagement of one already taken; but I refused to drink at Santa Lucretia with no more hesitancy than I would in Saratoga; and the company, including a young American engineer, an English plantation manager, the German captain of a river boat running to Coatzacoalcos, and some mixed or nondescript personages did not take affront. We continued talking together for hours till my train left, they exercising their liberties and I undisputed in mine.

Santa Lucretia is about midway between the two oceans, though not at the height of land, as the Pacific slope is much more abrupt and the highest point, therefore, about forty miles west of the middle. By west I mean toward the Pacific; and that is directly south. We have been for some little time and are still in a region of heavy rainfall and the country is a typical jungle in consequence; but it will end abruptly at the ridge. The difference between aridity on the Pacific slope and abundant rain on the Atlantic which is indicated for South America is almost equally marked even here where the ridge becomes low, and is narrowed to 125 miles. The west side has comparatively little forest, while the east has the greatest conceivable variety and luxuriance of growth.

As evening began to approach before the change from semi-desert conditions took place, it will be impossible just now to get a full impression of the jungle. That requires either a long time or the traversing of considerable distance. The traveler is aware at the first approach of a coolness after the scorching heat of mid-day on the plains, of a gradual increase in vegetation until it is abundant, and of the insect choir, which, though different voices may enter, seems to produce at nightfall the same droning effect wherever and whenever heard. It is a surprise to find that one is

to have a comfortable night, a thick blanket proving not unwelcome.

Now the train is slipping downward over the isthmus, the highest point being Chivela, at an altitude of 750 feet, and vegetation begins to grow less. You may be prepared to view a quite different country from your car window in the morning.

If you are up betimes you will catch sight of Tehuantepec, the name of which is also the name of the Isthmus, and about which you can read and hear tales to stir your blood. The tales belong to the whole region and some of them more specifically to other towns like Juchitan, a few miles away; but Tehuantepec is the name with which they have become associated. They are stories of a race prouder, braver, handsomer, and it may be more intelligent than others round about, refusing to intermarry with other tribes and having tastes and standards quite their own. Men and women were numerically proportioned to each other somewhat as elsewhere, no doubt, till the men were killed off. Then the women, still disdaining to marry with men of a lower type, assumed the business and the leadership, and it became a community of women.

A brother of Porfirio Diaz figures in the history of this change. Being governor of the state of Oaxaca, which includes the Tehuantepec region, he did such wholesale violence to property rights, to the virtue of native women, and to life itself, that he could not longer be tolerated. It is said that he was in the act of fleeing from the country when, early in the year 1877, he was captured by the Indians, tortured as dreadfully as he had tortured many victims, and then killed. It is said that vengeance at the behest of President Diaz on account of this act was what prompted a massacre of nearly all male inhabitants of the place long afterward, though he is credited with having planned to kill every tenth male and not all that the soldiers could reach, as actually happened. Porfirio Diaz has not been ac-

customed to tell his motives or explain his actions, but a cold-blooded massacre did occur, removing a large part of the men who had not been sacrificed in the long war with Spain and the later civil wars; and the general understanding of its motive is as just suggested.

Ten years ago people said little about such matters; but in the spring of 1911, when they might with reason have been more cautious than ever, I found them eager everywhere to say what they knew and believed. Books and periodicals in the United States, too, have not hesitated to disclose a great many things the mere hint of which, in 1910, would have caused some reviewer in the *New York Post* to denounce the authors as guilty of "ignorant abuse." To say that on the whole Mexico has been ruled in a way favorable or unfavorable to ultimate high destiny is perhaps not given to fallible critics at this time. But that the existing rule has been accompanied by deliberate, profuse, and relentless shedding of blood for over thirty years everyone at all familiar with the facts knows. That intimidation and repression, banishment, summary killing of individuals guilty of no moral wrong, and now and then wholesale slaughter were admirably suited to the needs of the nation may be quite obvious to a few minds; but to the average intelligence it seems doubtful.

And here is Tehuantepec shifting brightly across the vision in the morning light. A few women at the station who might be Queens of Sheba unless their garb seem too brilliant, a few who look like the witch of Endor, some market people carrying their wares, a highway bridge over the track, a strange looking hotel with a high wall, a sparsely inhabited street, lined with cocoanut trees on the outskirts of the place, and some bathers in the Tehuantepec River are all that you see of this town of 10,000 inhabitants, as you pass westward.

I spent a night at Tehuantepec on the way back from Salina Cruz, at a hotel whose proprietor, in the good Eng-

lish of an intelligent Jamaican negro, declared himself an "honest thief" and who justified the adjective in all his dealing with me. I would not advise, and he would not advise, ladies of fastidious requirements to put up at his house, nor in his town. Yet if they could ignore whatever did not look good to them they might, I think, not fare badly in any respect. They should find their rooms only at the hour of retiring, and plan to leave them without scrutiny immediately when awakened.

I walked about in the evening and early morning; talked for hours with an old prospector who has lived among the Indians in their villages; inquired afterward about the place and its people of officials, American and Mexican; read what the books say about it; and found that although a month would be needed for even such study as a casual, non-professional visitor would be prompted to undertake, the impressions and ideas that I was able to gather had the advantage of being reasonably clear and consistent.

The Tehuanas live very much in their own way. No intimate, everyday influence came to bear on their conservatism till the railroad was completed in 1907, if even that has brought any such influence to bear. Of course I speak of the native Indians, not officials or other Mexicans from elsewhere, who are as alien as the American himself. They are not imitative of foreigners. Their adobe houses vary in size and costliness, many being only of two rooms, some being quite extensive; and the furnishings differ accordingly. Their dress, even if they have means to buy costly materials, adheres to their own style, which is simple in cut but often elaborate in trimming, vivid in color, harmonious with their physiognomy and bearing, graceful in effect, and altogether of an oriental suggestion. A young woman of such beauty, symmetry, and carriage that she might pose for Cleopatra is as little conscious of bare feet and ankles as though she lived in Cleo-

patra's Egypt. If a triangle of meerschaum-color shows on either side above the waist band of her red skirt, it is a thing of habit and she thinks nothing of it. Clothing, for the most part, is to her like the silk scarf that she carries over one wrist, as inseparable as the Japanese girls' fan, or like the necklace of gold coins that she wears—it is for adornment. Concealment of person is no more essential to her than to Eve after the first accession of modesty; but of the little requirement in this respect she is never forgetful. Her modesty is as real and her sense of decorum as definite as that of the civilized and sophisticated American or European. Her neatness, cleanliness, and fitness of personal ornament, are such as to give one a pang when the inevitable result of outside influence is thought of.

Morality is a thing that strangers may easily misapprehend. The morals of these people are somewhat primitive, but not degraded, if the two words are in any danger of being confused. Some will understand if it be said that there is a good deal of unmorality but very little downright immorality—very little wantonness. I have heard coarse men and men of careless speech declare admiration and respect for the women of Tehuantepec.

Two Tehuana girls are employed as servants by a cultured American woman in another town. They are honest, and she trusts a good deal to them. They are also confiding. They do all the rough, domestic work of her house. They are as quiet-mannered as any guest that she entertains. Their scant garments are as clean as she could wish her own to be. She says that they not only bathe, but they wash their abundant black hair every day. They would no more put on shoes than she would put a ring in her nose; but they have pretty sandals to wear when so inclined. Each wears at her daily work a necklace worth one or two hundred dollars and carries the inevitable scarf. Each has a more costly necklace for festal occasions. Their straight, taper-

ing, and daintily kept fingers show no signs of toil, their slender wrists are not thickened by the wringing of clothes; they seem immune to the effects that we usually think inseparable from labor. And how long will they keep their youth? Well, they mature early but the Tehuana matron is also a creature of dignity, keeps her pride, and has a look of character. The average of good looks in Tehuantepec is doubtless greater than anywhere else in Mexico, and the average in Mexico, to anyone of catholic taste, is distinctly greater than among the people that most foreign observers left at home. Colors and contours to delight an artist are everywhere; though the wretchedly poor, the aged, the lame, the halt, and the blind may show as hideous marks of social injustice here as elsewhere, and there are as many of them as in any fruitful land under the sun.

Of men who appear to be of the same stock as these women of Tehuantepec there are few enough to confirm the legend as to how they were decimated. There are few enough native men of any stock, though the old haughty exclusiveness is breaking down of late. Such men as one does see at all identified with the population are markedly inferior to the women. So the *matriarchate* which has been the rule for a generation will doubtless prevail for at least one generation more in this city of women.

Have the men of the mountains, like the men of the valley settlements hereabouts, been exterminated? By no means in the same degree. My prospector friend told me of places where a camera and tripod, if mistaken for a surveyor's instrument, may bring a fusillade on its luckless possessor, and where the authority of the central Mexican government is not recognized, but where the people are reasonably friendly if they can be assured as to one's designs. There is tungsten in some of the high mountains, and unestimated stores of silver, iron, and other metals, the opening of which might have been hastened but for the somewhat deterrent attitude of the mountaineers. Yet these

people, less known than the Yaquis of Sonora and regarded as equally warlike, may prove as little opposed to progress on equitable terms as many fair writers believe the Yaquis to have been. They do not trust the powers that be; and to obtain and deserve their confidence would be one of the duties of a progressive, enlightened government.

The most conscious object of a trip south from Vera Cruz is usually to inspect the remarkable railroad and two splendid harbors which, at a cost of about \$65,000,000, have established a freight route between the Pacific and the Atlantic shorter by four days and nearer by 1,250 miles than that through the Panama Canal. This is a sufficient object in itself. But, after all, one ought seldom to travel with a single purpose. It would be like throwing away the by-products of the cotton industry. We are on our way to gaze at the artificial harbor, the dry dock which is the largest on the Pacific coast, the modern electric cranes for handling freight, the cars of special type for receiving their loads, the special oil-burning engines, the special swamp road construction, the devices for spraying hot chemicals to kill the almost irrepressible vegetation, and the other means, anachronistic in this land of supposed inaction, through which the uses of our heralded canal, save the passing of war vessels, have been anticipated by a decade. Yet we will not reproach ourselves for having paused over old, forgotten, far-off things. The decade or so will pass, the great canal will be finished, both routes may find use beyond their capacity and we shall see engineering feats to transcend them both; but we shall never, later, be able to muse a day in the Tehuantepec that now charms and baffles us. I had the privilege of visiting one of the harbors and rowing about the jetties in the company of an American army engineer whose name is familiar to most readers, and he was as much interested as professionally he should be. Yet he betrayed more interest in a primitive Isthmian ox-cart than in any appliance that we saw—a cart entirely innocent of

tire, bolt, nail, buckle, or other scrap of metal; hewn out of wood by rude implements; fastened together by wooden pins and by thongs; a perfect, unperverted example of its type, within a stone's throw of so much foreign innovation.

Two Towns and the Jungle

Salina Cruz is not a Mexican town and as a town deserves little attention. A courteous American consul and an admirable hotel conducted by a refined American woman from Kentucky or Texas or somewhere, figure in the traveler's note book as next in importance to the harbor works. A day is sufficient, and next morning one starts up the slope again toward the other terminus of the road. Long before noon the height of land is reached. This time the jungle is experienced in daylight, and over such distance that its character may be felt. Palm trees, banana plants, trees that might belong to some species familiar at home for all that eye could tell, undergrowth, tangles of vines, mosses, flags, and lily pads make altogether a variety and excess that is inconceivable. Many of the trees bear flowers of showy hues, many of the vines that climb up to the highest branches are masses of red and purple, orchids fasten themselves upon every crevice, and so the vividness and variety of color become almost as great a marvel as the rank prodigality of growth. If you could penetrate a little into the forest, it would be still more illuminated by the brilliancy of birds whose kinds are listed by hundreds in books. You catch occasional glimpses of movement; but unless it be a blackbird could rarely make out the cause. It might be a parrot, an oriole, or a jay, all of which are so numerous that a census has never been taken, though being a little less impudent than the blackbirds they are more difficult to observe. As for the sounds, they are myriad and unending. Insects, frogs, perhaps monkeys, and no doubt scores of creatures that you never heard before mingle their

cries in a babel that neither the guide book nor your well-informed neighbor can help you to analyze.

To calculating discernment all this is a challenge. Mahogany and dye woods, luscious fruits and excellent oils are here in the jungle. Here is fertility to yield the food of millions, here are riches to reward the labor, the enterprise, and the prophetic vision of many a bold spirit. The instinctive feeling, however, is not unmixed with something like horror. You see a riot of soft but malignant forms, of silent but powerful and malign forces. The fine ecstacies about virgin Nature were mostly written in temperate or semi-arid places where Nature is self-disciplined. Here is no exclusive survival of the fittest but an indiscriminate and revolting survival of everything that mere fecundity can engender and fatten. Individuality, character, symbolism, as we ascribe them to outdoor objects at home, are foreign to this mass of vegetables. Here are no tongues in trees, nor books in the running brooks. The ax and the bush hook one thinks of without dismay. It only seems that ax and bush hook could make little impression. A good conservationist at home, I caught myself drawing an eager breath on seeing a little forest fire, then settling back in quick disappointment at the certainty that the fire could not spread much. Every clearing around a native hut becomes as welcome as an oasis in a desert, and when you finally emerge at Juile into broad fields where cattle graze in numbers, they are as beautiful as asphodel meadows to a returned traveler from the Shades.

It will be night again when Coatzacoalcos, or Puerto Mexico by its new name, is reached. Another night in another hotel conducted by an American and owned by "the Pearsons," another day in surveying a harbor and its equipment, less remarkable here than at Salina Cruz because the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River offered some natural advantage, another impression of a town that is neither Mexican nor American nor English nor a composite of its

discoverable elements, and in which women seem to be as scarce as in Tehuantepec they are supernumerary, and you have completed your Isthmian observation, you think.

Cortez foresaw that across this narrow separation between the two oceans, where the mountain range breaks down low, would pass a great highway for the world's trade. He so wrote of it. Humboldt called it "the bridge of the world's commerce." As early as 1774 a Spanish engineer declared his belief in the feasibility of the canal idea. About the middle of the nineteenth century, those opportunists, the '49ers, on their way to California gold fields, without waiting for canal or railroad, went across by scores, the Spaniards having long before built a coach road from one ocean to the other. An old stage driver who took many of the miners over was still living, I was told, in 1905. The American gold coins in the necklace of a Tehuana belle, if they do not date back to the '50s, may represent a preference that grew up then. An American engineer named Eads once had a concession from the Mexican government to construct a "ship railway," whatever that may have meant, but could not raise capital for it. It was a British firm, S. Pearson and Son, builders of the harbors at Vera Cruz, Salina Cruz, Coatzacoalcos, and elsewhere, who finally constructed the road, the government at first paying a fixed sum for each unit of work but afterward entering into a joint partnership with the Pearsons which is to hold till 1953. Americans, however, have not ceased to be prominent in the region. There are abandoned plantations and abandoned home sites well distributed along both the Isthmian railroad proper and the *Vera Cruz al Istmo* route, which represent the utterly foolish investment of American money, generally brought about by ignorant and unscrupulous American promotion. I could learn, for example, of only one rubber plantation in which stock has been offered for sale that has a prospect of even moderate returns; and my informers ascribed this exception more to luck than to

competence of the prime movers, who were inexperienced. Many plantations and private "home sites" not yet abandoned ought to be and will be. Everyone at Santa Lucretia treated the matter either as a huge joke or as a great pity. Missionaries in Mexico City afterwards told me of helping families to pay their way back home, and urged that some general warning be given. The trouble about any general warning is that there are possibilities in the region for the right type of settler acting under the right advice. The American Consul-General, when appealed to, said in effect, "Refer people through their banks to Dun's and Bradstreet's but let them say that they are interested only incidentally in the financial rating of the agents or promoters in the United States. What they need is a thorough special report on the conditions of the plantation or other enterprise itself." One of the most absurd things is the way in which inexperienced persons make a tour under the conduct of some agent, as a party were doing in our train, and flatter themselves that they have investigated. They take for rubber plants a kind of glossy-leaved tree that is as worthless as mullein stalks. They miscalculate the healthfulness of climate, the number of years necessary to raise a crop, the cost and availability of labor, the time involved in transporting perishable fruits—any one of a dozen factors that are vital. The right people to invest in Mexican enterprises are either those who are prepared for wild speculative chances or those who know what they are about.

Your Isthmian impressions are after all not quite finished, for as you climb the gradual slope in the evening train, lights will glimmer with lowly human kindness from behind screens that in daytime your vision did not penetrate, and will mean something domestic, something that is comfortable to think about. After all, men do live here where only reptiles might be thought to have a place, and somehow they shape life to its environment. The environment will yield also to them, and who knows of what they may be the fore-

runners? You can grapple with the thought of the jungle better now in the soothing dark, and tomorrow you will not regard it with your first abhorrence. You will again see it pregnant with great values for time to come.

Oaxaca

Still back over your course as far as Santa Lucretia, then north, that is parallel to the coast, which is to say west, two hundred miles to Cordova, and again you touch the route that you might have taken at once from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. But still you are not ready to follow it. You are bound for the city of Oaxaca, the capital of the state in which you have been for several days, and then to Mitla, the place of ruins. At one time you were within seventy-five miles if you could have struck across country; but the trail would have led through formidable mountains, where the Indians are of uncertain temper toward strangers, and you could have saved nothing in time or money after guide and mules were paid for. So you make this circuit of more than four hundred miles over three railroads, through two states besides the one that you have left and into which you will return.

A night in Tehuacan, whose bottled water has made you familiar with the name in advance, will give you a taste of perfect climate and a view of Mexicans at a health resort. The hotel has decorations that would cost more in New York than the whole establishment is worth. You walk out into the country about sundown and see women washing clothes but find no evidence that their own, or they themselves, were ever washed. The swift streams rush along with water enough to cleanse a multitude, through the clean, hard banks that they have lined with their calcium deposit; but people and houses look as if the water had brought none of its ministries to them. Is this merely one of the unaccountable variations of custom, or partly explained by the disheartening amount of dust that flies

about, so that cleanliness would be but a momentary state at best? I remember speculating about this at El Riego, a mile or so out; I remember as I returned seeing two soldiers, one reading to the other, under a palmetto tree; I remember the mountains at sunset; and I remember the heavy, fragrant white flower that dropped on the pavement under my window at night with a sound like that of a banana peel. So much I remember of Tehuacan.

Oaxaca has 40,000 inhabitants, which is to say that it is as large as the old Massachusetts town of Salem. It is older by a hundred and forty years—older than St. Augustine by more than three quarters of a century. It has been the scene of many battles, from when the Mixtec and Zapotec Indians made stand after stand against Cortez, the future Marquis of Oaxaca, to the times of Hidalgo, Juarez, and their successors. There is an old church, Santo Domingo, once larger with its accessory buildings than St. Peter's at Rome, where young Porfirio Diaz dangled down upon a rope to the window of his former teacher's prison cell—one of many exploits in the career of this daring and resourceful man. He, like Juarez, was a native of the city.

The cochineal industry originated here. Here are to be bought the best Indian blankets, dyed with vegetable colors. The market is as characteristic as any in the republic; and as becomes the market in one of the best Catholic towns of a Spanish country, it is liveliest on Sunday.

Oaxaca nestles, as do many cities of the Mexican plateau, among mountains that give a noble frame and background to every picture. Solidity is the keynote, in aqueducts, houses, churches, everywhere. There is no vista without a church dome; and churches and houses alike have an appearance not only of age but of permanence that is satisfying. The houses are all made of the heaviest construction to survive earthquakes. I saw one of adobe that has been standing since 1660.

The cathedral has at least one delightful aspect, that

of the facade from the plaza opposite. Particularly in the evening, this view is one of melting loveliness. The soft creamy or greenish hues of a native stone, the somewhat decayed surfaces, the angles softened by wear, are all more beautiful than they can have been when the builders left them, though the front must always have been one of singular beauty. Within are two or three noted paintings by native artists; but often I have not found Mexican churches favorable places for looking at pictures, and this cathedral with its warm tones and gentle outlines is a sweeter picture than any that it houses.

On one of the high, surrounding hills, what appear from the hotel windows to be several natural mounds are in fact part of the ruins of Monte Alban, to be reached by three hours' horseback ride and worthy of a visit by anyone of antiquarian interests. They may be older than the ruins of Yucatan and are certainly much older than those of Mitla, which nearly every visitor to the region sees. They are also more accessible.

Mitla to Mexico

Mitla, about twenty-five miles from Oaxaca, is the most famous place of ruins in all Mexico. Soon it will be reached by railroad; but I am glad that for me it was still necessary to take a coach. Three horses were driven abreast and a change was made at Tlacolula. There I saw the ceremony of hand-kissing performed with as much gravity between friends on the street as though each withered and ragged crone were a duchess. It was always the older person that was thus reverenced by the younger. At Tlacolula, too, I entered an old church where the guide book said nothing was of interest, and did, it is true, find the interior being done over in lurid vulgarity and furnished with images the hideous crudity of which seems blasphemous to a heretic eye; but I found also some old pictures, the canvas breaking through but the colors as rich as when the brush left them.

and the whole effulgent still with the light that never was on sea or land. It is not worth while to ask the name of the artist, he was a native and a copyist—all artists are copyists—and there have been many like him in Mexico; but he belonged to the school of those who mix more than "brains" with their colors—who mix in tears and ecstasy, who, seeing the invisible, have the art to make some hint of it appear.

At another little village, sooner reached than Tlacolula, in fact, is one of the largest and oldest trees on earth. A new lettuce is no fresher than the big cypress tree of Tule, with its girth of 160 feet, and its height, relatively small, of 160 to 175 feet. Cortez rested under it and so wondered at its vastness that he made record of it. Humboldt, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, affixed a tablet to distinguish it, and it has grown calmly on till this decoration is nearly embedded. There are other great trees of the same species near; but none approaches this in size.

Every lane in Tule is hedged in with the organ cactus which stands like elongated prickly cucumbers on end, giving a strange aspect to the irregular streets. The houses are thatched and surrounded by fruit trees and flowering plants. The inhabitants, long accustomed to watch the stranger go by, have never adopted his ways. A woman clothed only from her waist down, disappeared on our approach, but not in confusion. Children did not disappear at all; but stood asking for *centavos* unashamed. Men working over their sandals or their plows hardly lifted a glance.

The road from Oaxaca to Mitla is wide enough for four coaches to drive abreast. It might remind one of Charles Lamb's remark about a certain man's taste—so much of it and all so bad! Along it go in procession the centuries from Homer's day to that of Sancho Panza, but never anything of later style, except the occasional tourist from foreign lands who recognizes in himself a thing forced, unnatural, grotesque. He passes like a comet through serene skies, save that he must pass in a borrowed vehicle; and

serenity will return when he is gone. The crooked stick that served for a plow in Egypt and Barbary will move along in its furrow, the oxen trudging before it; the carts will creak along the highway; the donkeys with skin bottles puffing on either side will patter on; and the blue sky will arch over them all, unruffled.

An *hacienda* with its old house covering an acre, the walls four feet thick, is the refuge and headquarters of tired and dusty aliens in Mitla. The world is all within the court once you have entered it. Grated windows, doors three inches through, locks that some blacksmith made in 1690 or thereabouts—everything in the place has been quieted by the caress of age. But travel out through the rather squalid village to the monuments you have come here to see, and again you are reminded that age is relative. Not so old as Uxmal with its strange animal figures, not so old as Monte Alban with its picture writing, capable even now of being repaired for centuries of their original use if anyone knew and cared to perpetuate it, yet old enough to be stripped of history and free from ascriptions of origin, these ruins are a contradiction and an astonishment. They are not moss-grown, for moss does not grow here. Trees and shrubs have not veiled and claimed them again to an identity with nature, for only the cactus is at home on these plains and slopes. Storm and earthquake have won no compromise of their erectness and rectilinear power, for they were built to defy storm and earthquake. Even the character of their decoration is such as to set them farthest from any hint of natural objects—not only is it geometric as distinguished from the representation of plants and animal forms, but its designs are worked out in straight lines. If ever architecture spoke these massive halls upon the high ground of Mitla speak for their builders, "Behold we were men, and this work was our work, not a thing of chance or growth; and this our work was greatly done, done after a fashion of our devising, done to remain." It is

estimated that a million tiles, or more properly flat stones, went into the walls of Mitla that have been uncovered. They constitute a mosaic that differs from the ordinary because the stones are set on edge, and by their inequalities of width, projecting one beyond another, form the design in relief. Doorways are not arched—a curved arch, even if they knew it, would ill have fitted the style of these builders; but great stones from fifteen to eighteen feet long, five feet wide, and four feet thick were placed as lintels and then the same deep intricate design was unflinchingly carved upon them. The walls were so well laid, for the most part without mortar, that each stone is perfectly firm in its original place and only curious examination discovers, even today, where carving leaves off and mosaic begins.

There are several great halls, one called the hall of monoliths, where are six columns of porphyry, fourteen feet high and about seven in circumference, having neither capital nor pedestal but tapered and rounded toward the top in a way that shows artistic thought, and is as much a departure from straightness as this peculiar style would warrant.

A little of the colored decoration that remains where pious Roman priests formerly stabled their horses, shows, strangely enough, grotesque heads. The heads give to some the impression of being grotesque not because of incapacity to make them otherwise but from conscious design.

The ruins of Mitla are large enough to be those of a city, yet are not those of a city. They may have been related to one as the old castle to its village, or they may have been only temples or tombs. Whatever the purpose for which they were built, the men who built them in their geometric perfection must have done much else that would be worthy of attention if known. To have looked at their handiwork is to have faced the riddle of the ages.

Leave Mitla, imagine your way retraced to where you left the axis between Vera Cruz and Mexico, and proceed

at last to the capital. Orizaba is the first considerable town, girt around with high mountains, well wooded. A coffee center and the capital of the cotton-weaving industry in Mexico, it is best remembered merely as a beautiful hill town, the first up from Vera Cruz in which fever is unknown, the natural first station on the journey upward. Here the European allies in 1862 by consent of Juarez made their first headquarters.

Up from Orizaba, with its altitude of 4,000 feet, round the famous *Maltrata curve*, still winding steeply up, never down, at every village buying fruit and baskets of intoxicatingly fragrant *gardenias* from women and girls as dark and comely as Ruth or Rebecca, and at a distance of 173 kilometers (110 miles) from Vera Cruz we shall find ourselves on the level of the great plateau. As we turn again and again up the incline villages and farms spread like little gardens far below us; and all has a look far different from that in the jungle, of having been long subdued to human use. Every path has been beaten for centuries by the sandaled or naked feet of men and women not belonging to our race, but seeming far nearer kin to us now as we look out upon their homes and haunts than when we had only read of them.

The Mexican blanket is more and more in evidence as the elevation increases and the air grows colder. The statuesque gives way to the picturesque, the beauty and grace of nature little trammeled or adorned to the dignity and the humor of umber figures bedecked in high colors and draped with the pride of grandees.

On across the plain, all afternoon, passing the great prehistoric pyramids of the sun and moon at San Juan Teotihuacan, which I have seen many a time from car windows, and think of as old friends though I never visited them, and so at evening we shall arrive at Mexico City, a little giddy from the altitude, it may be, a little bewildered by the kaleidoscopic changes of the day, but feeling rich in the experiences that it has brought us.

IV. Mexico City

THE mingled sounds of hoofs upon asphalt, of street cars, of automobiles demanding the right of way, and of many human feet and voices, the downward swoop of an elevator, and then the smell of "coffee and cut roses" triumphing over that of fresh ink on your newspaper—all these that you experience at the beginning of your first day in Mexico City do not give any overwhelming sense of being swung out into far places or of being projected backward into the sixteenth century. This Mexican *Herald* has telegraphic columns as long as those of the "daily" at home and editorials written in English as familiar.

Though it may have been two or three weeks since you landed in Vera Cruz, probably the tall American with the long nose or some equally remembered fellow passenger will be sitting within reach of a nod; and there will be also some of last night's "arrivals" who will tell you, if you ask, that they were just four days coming from Buffalo or three from St. Louis, with Pullman and dining car service all the way. This is rather startling but is only a prophecy of what will soon be accomplished as far as Guatemala and beyond. Already tolerable trains run from Gamboa on the Tehuantepec line, southward to the Guatemalan border. The great Pan-American system which was the dream of James G. Blaine will before long be in operation at least to the Isthmus of Panama.

You are at an American hotel. If you were a German or a Frenchman you would be at a German or a French hotel and would find things as little foreign to you as everything here seems to American observation. You would still be reading your newspaper in English, it is likely, but for Germans and Frenchmen in Mexico English ceases to be a strange tongue. In short, you are in a cosmopolitan city. The American population alone is estimated at 7,000.

Then there are the English and the English-speaking Germans and French alluded to just now, and it would be hard to say how many English-speaking Mexicans. On the principal business streets and in business hours more English is heard than Spanish, and more than of any other language whatsoever, though *man spricht Deutsch* and *parle Français* also with such frequency as to denote that other than American enterprise is at work.

No city is the center of the United States as Mexico City is that of the Mexican republic; it is metropolis, political and financial capital, chief seat of learning, publishing center, travel center, and heart of the nation in almost every organic way that can be thought of. Everyone who lives or even winters in the republic comes to "the City" from time to time. Paradoxically enough, it is one of the least Mexican of all places in Mexico. It is no place in which to make any detailed first-hand study of character and conditions. One may, however, do much generalizing here, and profit much by the knowledge and observation of others.

London and New York, cosmopolitan as they are, have each its marks of nationality so that a traveler awaking in one would hardly fancy himself in the other. There are so many Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans in London, all wearing clothes conformed to a world pattern, and so many Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen in New York, all similarly conformed, that an off-hand analysis of the human stream on a busy thoroughfare might give no clue; but there are always signs at hand. The hackman in New York is a different figure from the London "cabby," the policeman on Fifth Avenue and the policeman on Pall Mall do not look alike, the New York "sky scraper" may be suggested by individual buildings elsewhere but is dominant in the view of no city outside of the United States. Similarly, in Mexico City, everything official, or institutional, or architectural, is Mexican on its face. South America, Spain, Palestine, would show likenesses; but I am indi-

cating that cosmopolitan appearance and international resemblance dissolve under close examination. There are taxicabs; but if a taxicab from Mexico City, driver and all, could pass through New York, it would be gazed at, even in that *blasé* metropolis, from Battery Park to Harlem. The street cars are of a familiar enough model, built in the United States. It is one of the first facts learned that, if not under American control, they are under English, and so equally far from promising any Mexican aspect. But the motorman, and the conductor who comes to take your *seis centavos* (three American cents) have quite other than Anglo-Saxon ear marks. The "running stock" of the road, for that matter, would reveal some variations if watched long enough, for example an electric *hearse*, that is a flat car, with a black canopy designed for funeral purposes mounted upon it. Such a car will be followed by passenger coaches as many as the size of the funeral requires. Policemen and letter carriers, and, in spite of their German uniform, soldiers also, are as Latin-American as careful selection could have made them if such had been applied. The American stores as well as the shops with American clerks, and those with polyglot French and German managers or clerks, or with "American"-speaking Mexican clerks, are non-committal enough in a casual view of their stock, barring of course souvenir photographs and curios; but look up at almost any of the buildings in which they are housed and you will know that you are not in the neighborhood of John Wanamaker's or Marshal Field's emporium. Even between the crowds in one national metropolis and in another the likeness is always superficial and confined to certain quarters. Intermingled with "citizens of the world" who almost constitute an international type of themselves, and with foreign people of business, there are always the clearly indigenous, those who in the nature of things would not be where they do not belong. One knows them instantly to be the rightful inhabitants; and nowhere are they more strongly

marked than in Mexico, with the sandals, the cotton suit of two garments for man or woman, the gaudy blanket, the wide hat or the *rebozo*. They appear as free from self-consciousness and go as calmly about their affairs in Mexico City as in Tehuacan. I once saw two imperturbable Aztecs in native costume drive a flock of a hundred or more turkeys along San Francisco, the most bustling street of the capital, using a strip of cloth on the end of a stick to direct their feathered charges, and apparently unconscious of the varied world around them. One turkey was holding up an injured and bleeding foot that had been run over by some car or cart, but otherwise things appeared to be moving admirably.

Among the well-to-do one can find the native type by noticing who go in and out at old houses of settled character, apart from the business district. A frame building is almost unknown, by reason of which the fire loss is practically nothing though companies of "pumpers," that is firemen, are prudently maintained. The prevailing style of house in Mexico City, as elsewhere in the republic, is the hollow square, built of stone or of either brick or adobe stuccoed over, with a tunnel through the lower story from the street to the inner hollow. In other words it is the Spanish plan, Oriental before it was Spanish, of a flat, tile-roofed house of two or three stories built around an open court, fronting directly on the street and with no outside ornament except the window balconies, the heavy gratings, and sometimes elaborate carving or other adornment on the wooden doors. The outside walls, if stuccoed, may be tinted variously; and if the occupants have bad taste the effect may be almost as bad as they would achieve upon a clapboard mansion in Illinois. There is no lawn, either in front, where space would permit none, or in the court, which as often as not is paved throughout. This court or *patio*, however, is usually made beautiful by a profusion of plants and flowers, occasionally by statuary and fountains. There are not

only the ponderous doors at the entrance from the street, but grilles at the farther end of what for convenience we have called the tunnel; and the glimpse of the *patio* that one gets, pleasing as a rule even without such enhancement, acquires from these iron gratings an added charm of half concealment such as to many eyes a lady's face may borrow from a veil. The entrance is wide enough to admit a coach and pair, with purpose, too, for the family coach does actually enter. The "carriage house," as we should say, and the stables as well, are commonly parts of the house itself. They occupy a corner of the lower story, toward the back, the servants' quarters occupying the front part of this same story. It is true, in a very large house stables may be built on a second court behind that of the house itself, reached by a second "tunnel" at the back. The *portero*, or doorkeeper, is an important functionary who, with his family, occupies a room, not necessarily blessed with any furniture, near the door, answers every summons on the knocker or bell by day, locks the doors about ten o'clock at night, and expects a fee if called from his straw mat after hours to admit any belated resident or visitor. The family live on the second story, where a "corridor" or balcony runs completely around, reached by a stairway from the lower court. Here again there are flowers and foliage plants in pots and boxes. This upper veranda is a pleasant place, usually affording a sunny side if one is chilly or a shady side if the weather seems too warm.

So much we may learn without much intrusion or asking of questions if no introduction actually admits us to a house. The people who go in and out of these spacious dwellings, each of them making as separate an atmosphere for itself as a cloistered monastery, are the leisurely, graceful, and dark-skinned *Dons* and ladies that we should expect.

We shall observe that when we left hotels, restaurants, and shops behind, we left most of our American and other

foreign friends. The foreigners, to be sure, do not all live in hotels. There is a highly uninteresting colony where various attempts have been made to transplant American styles of houses or to compromise between these and the established type. Then there are hundreds of families that either own or hire houses of the Mexican plan, or live in *viviendas* (apartments) as they find them. If we come across people of our own kind, they will be so much in evidence as to tell us we are in one of the new suburbs that they inhabit, and we will betake ourselves elsewhere for observation.

Central Points

For much that we desire we may make the parks our stalking ground. The *Zocalo*, is it is called, is the real center of the city, so far as grouping of interests is concerned. One writer has said that in no American city are the parks used in any such way as in Mexico. Washington is the nearest approach to it. A park is a lounging place for the idle hours, a promenade for the exhibition hours, and a forum for the most interesting talkative hours of genteel people, to say nothing of laborers and others with no dignity to maintain. The *Zocalo* in Mexico City is all this. Then, too, around it or within a few minutes' walk are the Cathedral, the Flower Market, the National Palace, the Museum, the National Academy of Arts (*San Carlos*), the National Pawn Shop, the Thieves' Market, and other objects of admiration or curiosity. All these might be seen between sunrise and sunset if there were not a somewhat troublesome schedule of open and closed days for some of them; and yet at almost any of them a week could easily be spent.

Before beginning our career we shall have learned the whereabouts of the *Alameda*, a more fashionable park, beyond which the axis of interest, so to speak, having run northwest from the *Zocalo*, bends to the southwest and runs on to a third park more famous than either, two and a half or three miles distant, at Chapultepec.

Time would fail us to do much more than check off as "seen and noted" the really interesting institutions already mentioned. The Cathedral is the foremost church edifice in Mexico, perhaps in North America, cruciform in plan, with two towers that are both beautiful and unique, having domes shaped like the bells that they support. It occupies the site of the principal Aztec pyramid of the city and is built, historians say, on foundations made largely of Aztec carvings, which have been found and are still found in great numbers whenever excavations are made in the vicinity. The Cathedral is a massive structure of basalt and gray sandstone in the Spanish Renaissance style, over 390 feet long by 180 broad, and is known to have cost several millions of dollars. The decorations and treasures of the church, previous to the confiscation by Juarez's government, were almost fabulous, and even now it is rich in old wood carvings, paintings, and other such accessories as could not readily be converted into public funds. One painting is an undoubted Murillo, two or three others may be of the same or equally high origin, and a number by native painters are good. Mexican onyx in lavish quantities enriches the interior, but not to excess, for Mexican onyx is of soft rather than dazzling beauty, in appearance about equally resembling wax and marble. There are, as always in these churches, many accessory and temporary things which are gaudy, hideous, and altogether out of character, but the general effect is powerful enough to overcome their presence. Critics who compare it with the great churches of Europe regard the Cathedral as a beautiful and impressive structure, characterized on the whole by harmony and restraint.

The middle-class women and such of the wealthy as frequent the place, with their *rebozos* or *mantillas* and black garments, are wholly in keeping with the architecture, the aged and darkened carvings, the pictures, the gigantic vellum-bound books, the soft light of the candles, and the murmur

of the chants. Indians from the rural districts in their bright native garb come and kneel to kiss in apparent rapture whatever presents itself as most sacred. Their understanding of the difference between the religion of their early ancestors and that which they profess is merely that a more glorious temple and a superior set of divinities, more realistically portrayed, have somehow displaced the old ones. "No matter," says the broad-minded and indifferent-minded dispenser of off-hand opinions, "for a half hour they have been happy. Idolatry and superstition appear to be very comforting, exalting things." Indeed! Opium also is a comforting and exalting thing, at times and in certain effects; but to avail oneself of its *nepenthe* has not seemed favorable to personal progress or to bearing one's part in the common march forward. And how can we prove that progress is desirable? We do not try. Samuel Johnson was once asked, since the cultivated are not all happy and the ignorant not all miserable, how he would argue that knowledge and culture are desirable. He answered, in substance, that there is no person who has them and could be induced to part with them, and no person lacking them unless a fool, who fails to desire them. Progress commends itself directly to the sincere intelligence, and to any other it need not ask to be commended. For the definition and the proof of progress we have no time here. I have seen such *peones* as these emerging from ignorance and superstition to a sense of their own misery—not a very agreeable change, you say—but to a larger hope for their children, and to a sustaining belief in the dignity of their own souls which would neither unqualifiedly admit any reprobate or even decent fellow-mortal as vicar, nor longer think it right for any governor to hold them as beasts. I have seen them exemplify all the simple virtues that smart writers deny them, work and sacrifice for their new faith, and approach old age and death with a less fitful happiness than they could draw from myths and fables.

I speak not as the highly regenerate, not in deference to so-called missionaries who find easy places in the balmy tropics and draw more money than they could command at home, not in defence of missionary secretaries who think the indolent, the languid, or the ill-prepared are fit enough to send out. But self-sacrificing, high-minded, gifted, and wise men and women have built their strength and their virtue into the Protestantism of Mexico with its hundred thousand adherents, and its educated, heroic native pastors living on \$25 to \$40 a month; and any intelligent northern man of the white race who has lived in Mexico and permits them all to be called to naught is unfair. I have known Unitarians to contribute up to the full measure of their ability to Presbyterian work in Mexico because its value was manifest without analysis of doctrines. I have known American Roman Catholics to contribute for the work of a Methodist missionary because he was doing good. They did not consider that they were helping to proselyte anybody from Catholicism as they recognize it. Whether they would have been sanctioned by the Vatican I doubt; but they made a natural human response to things as they found them. American, English, and French Catholics visiting the country have repeatedly written that Mexican faith, so far as the rank and file of the people are concerned, is a dead faith. The Aztec religion was highly ceremonial. "The introduction of the Roman religion had no other effect," according to Humboldt, "than to substitute new ceremonies and symbols for the rites of a sanguinary worship." Catholicism as exemplified by the Spaniards was generally at its worst, and as propagated among the Indians it was emptiness unqualified. It has improved. I heard a priest, not an American nor a Frenchman but a young Spaniard from the Philippines, after sending a sick man away with his proffered fee, to a physician, ask, "How can you Protestants consign these poor cattle to either Heaven or Hell? They have never been taught anything. Surely they will need some place of proba-

tion." Such honest and rational treatment as his will help. The Protestant church will help; Catholicism has improved most where Protestantism has been most active. There are Mexican Catholic clergymen who admit this. A sermon or some discourse to the people in Spanish is now a very common part of the service; formerly it was unusual. Another consideration is that the missionaries do not gather adherents solely or chiefly from attentive members of the Roman church, but very largely from the neglected and the unchurched. To suppose that all the Mexican people are already Christianized according to the tenets of the Roman church is to make a blind assumption. Protestant missions are as legitimate and almost as sorely needed in Mexico as in India; and they entered only after urgent entreaty. There is a kind of reciprocity involved in whatever work may really overlap that of the Roman church, for when the establishment in Mexico was the richest in the world considerable money was sent to help weak and struggling Catholic churches in the United States.

So much of reflection as we visit and leave the greatest religious edifice in Mexico, a city of churches in a land of churches. There are hundreds in the capital alone, some as beautiful and more aristocratic, though not so large nor so interesting as the Cathedral.

The simple and impressionable Indian was always a lover of flowers. He brought flowers as well as vegetables through the canals that led to this very spot—to the old city of Tenochtitlan on the shore of a lake now disappeared. He still knows how to tend them and to mass them in seductive array. The Flower Market of Mexico City in early morning is a place to go and see roses, poppies, and other flowers really abundant for once, and at prices, despite the tourist "bulling" of the market, that should make a New York florist blush or grow angry by comparison. Sweet peas enough to fill a wash bowl, spicy and fresh, may be had for a nickel. Nor do they become contemptible for their

cheapness or their abundance, here in the hands of these romantic children of the sun.

The Thieves' Market is another place where variety is inconceivable, where beauty and precious values may be present though in ambush, and where romance, albeit of a different sort, may easily spin its web. Who wore these jewels before some enterprising thief at much risk claimed them for display here? Or what enterprising rogue made them, or bought them for a song to barter with the "Gringo?" What hands lovingly caressed this old book, yellowed with years, and what deft fingers embroidered this gossamer-like shawl of silk? Were these little shoes taken ruthlessly from baby feet or did their owner outgrow them or move to a country where none are needed? What happy and confident bride concealed her blushes and eager tears behind this veil? To what treasures did this great hand-made and joyously elaborated key once give entrance? This little old painting with its wonderful amber varnish, cracked but luminous, over the glory of color—who painted his life into it? A place for fancies is the Thieves' Market. One of the most curious things that happens is not rare, namely, that someone who loses an article of value goes forthwith to the *Mercado del Volador* and makes it his own again for a tithe of what it first cost him.

The Pawn Shop or "Mount of Piety" here as everywhere under the sun, is a varied museum illustrating the separableness of improvident man from his belongings and those of his wife and children. But this pawn shop, at least in intent, is a beneficent institution. It is not managed in the interest of the pound of flesh. A rich man, in 1775, seeing how the common people were robbed by money lenders, gave a fund to endow a concern which should loan something approaching the value upon a given article, charge only a fair rate of interest, and make redemption of it as easy as possible. The national government recognized what appeared to be the merit of such a scheme and made

an appropriation to extend it, not only in Mexico City but elsewhere in the larger towns of the Republic. The "good loan shark," by the way, has just arrived in the United States, ushered in by the Russell Sage Foundation, one hundred and thirty odd years after it came into use in Mexico.

At the Academy of *San Carlos* and also at the National Museum are some of the worst paintings that can be imagined and they are the first that a visitor is likely to see. Flesh tints, always constituting one of the crucial tests in portrait or figure painting, were a new thing to be reckoned with when the skin of the Indian and the mixed breed was to be painted, and some of these dignitaries have the complexion of an old whetstone or of a white man who has survived a gunpowder explosion. When you have seen the best of the work here, however, you will have seen a triumph that for veracity may rank a little higher or a little lower than the successful treatment of the blonde or the near-blonde that we call brunette, but which for intrinsic beauty goes beyond comparison. It is not the color of a chestnut, nor of glowing varnish upon an old violin, it is not the color of gold bronze, it has no exact representation in ivory, nor in ancient vellum; but if a composite of all these could be made, one who has no technical knowledge of color and who avoids considering too severely may imagine that the result would be something like this. He knows, if he has seen Indians of the finer types, that whatever the ingredients of this color they have found them. The Mexican artists too have found them, and have found the counterfeit of life which makes their pictures speak and move.

A great deal of the riches in art that once abounded in Mexico was destroyed or taken away during the French usurpation, and some of it suffered during the civil wars. Yet there are old masterpieces here to repay the pilgrimage of an art lover from New York. Murillo, Zurbarán, Rubens, Titian, Guido Reni, Juan de Carreño, are all represented. It is, however, the work of the early and the modern Mexi-

can schools that will make the most striking impress on a visitor whose thought is full of Mexico. Noble in quality, both when religious scenes are depicted and when original and distinctively Mexican subjects are treated, most impressive in number and spread of canvas, superbly hung and lighted, the pictures in the San Carlos gallery exalt and transport the visitor of average responsiveness as few arrays of paintings in the whole world, probably, will do. It is not the awe of venerable old pictures but the glory, the opulence, the vivid palpitating joy, loveliness, grief, courage of life which startles. It is intimate, though in type or incident we might describe it as romantic or strange. It fits into what one has tried to actualize when going up and down among the Mexicans. It fuses the ideal, the romantic, with the real of yesterday's observation. Whether one should desire to see these pictures by Echave, Cabrera, Iberra, Obregon, Gutierrez, Ortega, and Feliz Parra as early as possible, to carry their vision into one's observation, or whether it is better to have seen first with half-illumined eyes and matter-of-fact mind would be difficult to decide.

The National Museum has its collection of pictures, numerous and valuable, but of no such account as those of the National Academy of *San Carlos*. It has ethnological and geological and zoological exhibits; but it is for the Aztec and other antiquities of prehistoric Mexico that the museum will be most remembered. The archaeological section can be seen and a very strong impression got of it in a half hour. For it has specimen after specimen of colossal-sized carving in porphyry and trachyte rock, the character of which will make itself felt at a glance. Is this the Western world? Are we sure we are not in a museum of Bible lands, and of lands that Xenophon and Caesar described? Here are near cousins, surely, to the gods and demigods, demons and grotesqueries of Egypt, India, Assyria. A wise scholar may tell us that this great figure of Chac Mol is

nothing like a sphynx, that his head faces wrongly, that his body is not that of a lion but of a man, etc., but we have seen a resemblance that will not be explained away. The professor may tell us that other figures do not resemble the squat Buddha. The professor knows too much. We see the resemblance. The professor has almost become brother to the monoliths, and he distinguishes them all according to their individual marks. It needs some one not of the family to take in resemblances at a flash. Such an outsider knows when he sees them, usually. There are Ethiopian types here, as unmistakable as a photograph of the stalwarts who helped Roosevelt weigh his dead lioness in Africa. There are faces that are Mongolian, if we ever saw any such, and others that are Semitic. We who are not learned are sure as we stand here that the natives of pre-historic Mexico had more than one connection with the civilizations of the ancient East. If asked which of the various theories as to origin we believe, we shall probably declare, "All of them." Nor shall we be without learned support in our conviction.

A stone calendar weighing twenty-four tons shows that the Aztec year had eighteen months of twenty days each, like that of the Egyptians, with an extra period of five days to complete the astronomical period, and in its proper time a leap year. This, and another huge cylinder believed to have been a sacrificial stone are both admirably carved and of very hard material.

The National Palace, in part of which the Museum is housed, is both old and new, having been begun in 1692 and altered from time to time ever since; and it is a rather imposing structure.

On the site of the present *Zocalo* or *Plaza Mayor* the Aztec priests found the symbolic eagle on the cactus and here they made the center of their town. It was here that Cortez found the chief *teocalli*, about where the Cathedral now stands, and here some of the fiercest fighting was done. This

center, the "Aztec forum," became also the center of the Spanish town which immediately began to grow up, the waterways about it being filled up to make streets. Little by little, through the centuries, the lakes have receded, the canals have been filled, more or less successful drainage has been effected, until it is harder to conceive the ancient city, with waterways regularly intersecting its streets, and upon the two "inland seas" beyond, one salt, one fresh, the myriad canoes bringing in their tribute,—this is even harder than to imagine Ely or some of the other cathedral towns of England as formerly upon islands.

The drainage canal which makes the chief guarantee of security against flood, was contemplated as early as the fourteenth century, begun in 1607, abandoned and re-begun under different authorities including that of Maximilian, and at last finished by President Diaz in 1896 at a cost of sixteen million dollars. It does not, however, prevent the soil from still being marshy, so that cellars are impossible, and the death rate is more than it would be if the city were on the higher ground not far away. One may give only qualified belief to the theory that vagrant cows trod out the city plan of Boston; but clearly enough the site of Mexico was determined when jealous neighbors of the Aztecs would not let them settle anywhere else. Why the Spaniards clung to the unwholesome choice is less clear.

The *Alameda*, the other center, is a more aristocratic park, very beautiful, and associated in sentiment with Carlotta, who did much to improve it. Just before reaching it, on the way from the *Zocalo*, one sees the only moderately impressive though very costly post office, too much lightened and weakened in appearance by broken surfaces and open spaces near the top, but really one of the best post office buildings in the world. The interior provokes no criticism. Its superb marble, Italian bronze gratings, and richness of material throughout, together with the general plan, suggest a building for some art purpose rather than for the business

of the government; but it serves no less well for that. The eight-million-dollar theater at the east end of the *Alameda* is a thing to challenge admiration at once. Let us hope no one will insist on gilding its statuary or otherwise ruining its delicate beauty. Its curtain, a wonderful glass mosaic picture of the mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, as they loom before the city, was made by Tiffany in New York. One cannot help wondering what use will be made of so fine a theater when it is finished, seeing that Mexico has no drama worthy of the name and no native actors worth mentioning. Good opera, indeed, especially Italian opera, is heard and appreciated—I heard Tetrazini in Mexico before she had ever sung in New York. However, every Latin-American capital must have its costly national theater, so why cavil as to what shall be done with it? It is a conventional ornament. To speculate on what could have been done in the way of model tenements with the millions spent here is equally idle. The tenements will come; and the children of the poor will be taught to live otherwise than wallowing in filth. For the beautifully clean asphalt streets of Mexico do run close to only half hidden wretchedness with which the worst negro alley in our own vaunted Washington is not to be compared. The people are not descended from the cleanly Mayas but from the less scrupulous Aztecs; they have long been living in conditions alien to them of which they are neither the makers nor the masters and which give little room for dignified human life. So in looking at them one is grateful for visions of the people in the market of Tehuantepec, or even, oppressed as they are, those in the fields of Yucatan.

Let us not be accused of wandering far from the *Alameda*, for, as just intimated, we have turned but a little aside.

I was happy enough to know this lovely park when one could pass all along it without being startled, amazed, and shocked by the colossal statue of Juarez which now fronts *Avenida Juarez* at about the middle point of the southern

edge. Colossal as is the statue, one feels what must be the instant effect when a great wreath, not of marble but of gold, is clapped down upon its head by one of the still more colossal angels. There are urns, also of gold, that claim at least as much attention as the central figure, and there are two lions being relentlessly crushed by a weight on the small of their backs. One fancies that some enemy of Juarez must have had to do with this hideous perpetration. If the gold leaf could be all removed, the total effect would be less than half as bad.

The Juarez statue is representative of many things. Mexican aptitude for drawing, design, pen-work, wood carving, painting and all allied arts, on the side of mere facility, is almost unbelievable to an American. There is hardly a school where some boy cannot draw the teacher either in likeness or in caricature as he chooses. There is no church society or other little local group that cannot have a memorial or memento nicely engrossed without going outside its own membership. The love of color and of ornament is everywhere. So it is with music. Every village has its brass band. The tattered peons really enjoy listening to music of the best sort. But restraint of taste seems lacking among rich and poor, ignorant and educated. Women over-dress. Men make display puppets of themselves. Apart from the outside severity of the conventional dwelling, architecture tends to the ornate, the over-glorified. This is not a universal indictment. It is a statement of general observation. But the emotional susceptibility, the responsiveness, the manual dexterity, the mental ingenuity, and the temperamental patience being undoubtedly present, there would seem reason to hope that with increase of general culture will come larger creativeness than we matter-of-fact Americans have yet attained. The really superb achievements in painting at times when conditions were at all favorable, are a promise of this. But sculpture is a severer test, and architecture surely the severest of all.

Afternoon Walks and Drives

The "quality" of Mexico City walk up and down the *Alameda* on Sunday, listening to one of the best brass bands in the Americas. On Sunday afternoon the same people ride behind Kentucky-bred and other thoroughbred horses, though usually in quaint, comfortable carriages, out past the *Alameda*, along the *Paseo de la Reforma*, past the great bronze statue of Charles V of Spain and that of the valiant Cuauhtemoc, through splendid avenues of trees, to Chapultepec. To Chapultepec, in a hired coach, as it is one of the few inexpensive things in Mexico City, let us betake ourselves, and there at sunset, leaning over a parapet on one of the inclined approaches to the old castle, aware of its reminiscent though not dreadful shadow behind us, aware of the sad, semipernal great trees below us, gaze off to the tender color and stupendous bulk of Popocatapetl and his consort, the White Lady (Ixtaccihuatl) as they float in the haze and last glow of evening. Here Montezuma took his ease. Here Maximilian and Carlotta dreamed their dreams. Here, it may be, American soldier boys, in 1847, rested after a not too glorious fray and forgot to question the wherefore of present commands in musing upon "the old woe of the world." Change has written its record here as surely if not in as hard characters as on the Palatine or the Acropolis. Yet the old cypress trees live and grow, with a kind of melancholy vigor which prophesies long continuance and succession of their kind to witness the coming and the passing of many another generation and perhaps still changing races of men.

Those who profess to know a gay capital when they see it declare that Mexico City is not such. It has its clubs, its cafés, its showy balls, its handsome women, its glare of lights at night, its bull fight on Sunday in the largest bull ring in the world, and its various other pleasures and vices. Its people are vivacious and, in the main, happy even when a political cloud of dread omen hangs over them. Hardly

any people can be more lavish in expenditure for play or more extravagantly overdressed.

That a strain of seriousness, bordering on melancholy, and quite distinct from the heavy solemnity ascribed to the English in proverbs, does seem present even in their enjoyment cannot be denied. So perhaps Mexico is not a gay capital. I am sure that neither New York nor Washington is gay. Perhaps Paris or Monte Carlo, analytically considered, is not. Nothing is gay that is not naïve, spontaneous, youthful;—and Mexico has memories enough to make it old.

V. Excursions From the Capital

THE valley of Morelos lies close to the valley of Mexico, though at a lower level and with a high wall between. It is possible, if one has pneumonia and hours are precious, to take a train in the unhealthful capital at daybreak, arrive in balmy Cuernavaca by noon, and be declared on the way to recovery next day. Under usual conditions, however, the valley of Mexico is not to be so eagerly left. While the nights are often chilly, the climate is otherwise almost irreproachable and the natural charms of the valley are worthy of some large-visioned poet of outdoors. It should not be discredited because it had one piece of lowland whose open drainage the Spaniards could stop and upon which a somewhat miasmic though beautiful city could be built. So even if one cannot tarry for months to etch in the picture of maguey fields on the drier flat lands, of cypress trees, of dome-crowned villages, and of encircling mountains, at least one can pay the respect of a slow departure. This may be done by way of the Viga, the one Aztec canal that still remains in use, leading south toward Cuernavaca as far as Xochimilco.

A Village of Canals

There are those who will tell you that they have seen this canal, so extravagantly described in books, and that it is no more than a slimy ooze. They have seen the miserable *diminuendo* at the city end that is finally lost in a sewer; but they do not know the Viga. What stream, even the mightiest, without very special protection, can make its way through a city of 450,000 inhabitants and still remain "undefiled for the undefiled?" Even at the city end of this ancient canal our friends, if alert, might have seen something to describe other than the excrements of obscene breweries along the banks, and unlimited oceans of mud; they might have seen the people, one of the superlatively clean tribes, thank Heaven! propelling their dugouts up and down, and in the dugouts enough vegetables for a thousand tables, besides flowers in quantities really exciting to think of.

For thirteen miles as one goes out along the Viga there are no tributaries. There is only one channel of nearly uniform width, arched by quaint bridges and enlivened by an unending succession of barges going to market with garden truck, and of little canoes that dart along upon other errands. Gradually the water becomes purer till it is void of offense. Then begins unalloyed enjoyment. The remoter plain may be somewhat brown in the dry season, varied only by the maguey, cousin to our old friend the henequin plant, while near by on either hand are luscious green fields with cattle wading or grazing at will. The canoe moves easily, propelled not by oars or paddles but by a long, light pole thrust to the bottom. In places this is varied by tossing a rope to one of the boatmen, who leaps cheerfully ahead with it over his shoulder, now in water, now upon a tow path, his muscular though not heavy limbs bare to the thigh. Boys fish from the banks. New things are constantly appearing, not to tease the eye and the mind as on a railway journey, but to beguile the imagination. At

last, after about four hours, the canal resolves itself into a great number of smaller canals which are fed by springs in themselves worth a visit, and are conducted in and out among the so-called "floating gardens" so as to make every garden an island. Within the memory of men still living much of this area was a lake and some of the gardens were actually floating; but now the little oblong patches of soil rest upon bottom. The willows that grow straight up like Lombardy poplars were once only stakes to keep the unique real property from moving off. Masses of water plants buoyed up by air chambers on their stalks float upon what remains of the lake and show how land began to form. As would be guessed from such an origin, the gardens have the richest mould, they never lack water, and the sun smiles upon them as only a southern sun can. Each is as large as a good town lot and any of them if actually afloat would sink from the weight of vegetables and flowers. The poppy, the sweet pea, and the bachelor's button are favorite flowers, though carnations and marguerites also abound and roses are by no means uncommon. All these and other blossoms hang down and are reduplicated in the water. They scramble over the tops of the houses. In daylight or in moonlight they make incomparable pictures at every turn. The graceful, brown-armed figures gliding about in their canoes strike no jarring note. Nothing annoys. The most appropriate exclamation at Xochimilco is, "I did not believe there was such a place in the world!"

Barges go down heavy with the current to Mexico and come back light. Few large cities have sources of so abundant supply for vegetables and flowers, with means of transportation so cheap. Xochimilco was a source of supplies for the Aztec capital in the old days; and, unless scholars have wrongly translated, an occasional source of victims for the Aztec sacrificial stone. Whoever lived here at any time, if he had marauding neighbors, must have been an easy prey, for gentleness and soft confiding in the loveliness of an

idyllic world are as natural here as a square front to all comers must be in a country of highland blasts. A friend of mine had a quarrelsome retainer who chose to follow him from one locality to another and always managed to involve himself and his master in trouble. They went to Xochimilco and Gabriel fought with no one. It seems he could find no one to fight with.

It cost three Mexican dollars (\$1.50) to bring out seven of us in a large covered canoe, with enough luggage to burden four or five carriers in transferring from the canoe to the house. A canal ran very near the house occupied by our friends, the only foreign family in the village, by whom we were to be entertained. A canal runs near everybody's door in Xochimilco; there are a hundred miles of them at least. Fish abound and come in fine condition from the cold water. We saw many gold fish of no diminutive size, and bought for fifty *centavos* a wriggling carp that weighed about six pounds.

This American friend at whose house we stopped, an engineer, was in charge of work installing a new plant to increase the water supply of Mexico City. He took us along a small canal until suddenly it widened, deepened, and came to an end. We were floating upon a basin seventy-five feet in diameter, twenty-five feet deep, and filled with gushing pure water. It was one of the marvelous springs at Xochimilco, flowing about eight million gallons in twenty-four hours. There are several others, not so large, but still of great output and all of the same pure water, fed probably by the melting snow and ice of Popocatepetl.

A feature of every landscape hereabout is the little church. Above the fringe of green vegetables or of glorious bloom, over the thatch of the hut, between the willows, against the bulk of the mountains, there is certain to be a church in the view. We must have seen twenty, all commanding because of the lowness of the houses round about, all venerable-looking and harmonious with the feeling of



Tehuana Girls



Making Bread



Zapotec Children in Ruins of Mitla



Carrier at Rest



Worn and Broken Carving, "Goddess of Water"



River Bank, Coatzacoalcos



Aztec Calendar found near the Cathedral, now in the Museum, Mexico City



Bronze Statue of Charles V, "Paseo de la Reforma," Mexico City



Chac-Mol, the "Tiger King." A Maya Carving from Yucatan, now in the National Museum



Squat, Buddha-like Figure from Oaxaca



Post Office, Mexico City



Market, Mexico City



Chapultepec



In the Alameda, Mexico City



Ixtaccihuatl



Popocatepetl—Almost Up



Popocatepetl



On the Way Down



Drawing Sap from the Maguey



View in Amecameca, near Popocatepetl

the place; never, on any of them, a "steeple." The spire with its call to upward pursuit of the unattainable, is no part of Mexican church architecture. The dome seems to suggest contemplation and repose. True, the Spaniards were restless enough, but their restlessness was not upon the side that churches represent. Concerning religion they leaned back upon authority, and came easily to that perfectness of satisfaction which must have expressed itself powerfully at times to anyone who has traveled in Mexico, the land of domes'. There are said to be more of these, chiefly of the *media naranja* (half orange) form, than in any other country in the world. And if the Anglo-Saxon cannot adopt this form for his emblem, being self-conscious, he can be happy in visiting a land whose temperament it suits.

From Xochimilco it is not far to Eslava where, only a day late because of our little journey into a primitive world, we can take the train from Mexico to Cuernavaca. One gets almost a bird's eye view of the region of Mexico City from the top of the range at a height of 10,000 feet.

Health and Pleasure Resorts

Cuernavaca, though not inviting comparison with the little Indian Venice, is in its way the loveliest spot yet visited. At Xochimilco one rubs one's eyes and looks again to make sure that the scene really belongs to the world of wide-awake. At Cuernavaca, one settles forthwith into a conviction of always having known the place, and a feeling that everything here is the normal by which things elsewhere may be tested. With an altitude of only 4,500 feet, more than two thousand feet lower than the valley of Mexico, and with a southern exposure among sheltering hills, this other valley has no cold winter, no cold nights and no hot ones, no droughts, no inconveniences of climate, hot or cold, wet or dry. The town of 7,000 inhabitants is all clean, orderly, thrifty, resposeful, and old. The thick walls, the heavy doors, the elaborate latches and hinges, all bear the testi-

mony of age. It is a place of running water, and fountains are numerous.

Of course the town has its cathedral, this one founded in 1529, and of course, being of sufficient antiquity, it has a palace of Cortez. We visited his palace in Oaxaca, and his residence in Mexico City, and must not fail to pay this one our respect, particularly as it is now the state government building and commands from the roof a superb view of the green valley and the peaceful mountains. It is one of the oldest buildings in America, begun by Cortez in 1530.

The chief exhibit of Cuernavaca is the Borda Garden, established about the middle of the eighteenth century by Joseph le Borda, a Frenchman who had made enormous fortunes in Mexican silver mines. It is said to have cost a million *pesos* then, but time has added much that the owner could not buy, both in definable beauty and in the pervasive charm of imaginative suggestion. There are old walls, built high and solid enough to endure; trees grown old but of unfailing vigor; old Moorish fountains that have become weathered and flawed but lost nothing of their airy Saracenic grace; walks that Carlotta trod many a time, when Cuernavaca was the summer capital and when old Joseph, their first owner, had been long sleeping in a poor man's grave; benches on which she must have sat; and roses and oleanders that she may have tended. You will think more of Carlotta in the garden than you will of its original owner whose name it bears; and many other thoughts you will have which you will never convey unless to someone at your side under the shade of the tropical trees with their unfamiliar names and their delicious fruits.

Cuautla, in climate and general character needs no description to one who has visited Cuernavaca. It is not quite so old, not quite so large, and not quite so full of romance; but having famous hot sulphur springs is rather more haunted by invalids and *resters*.

No longer in the state of Morelos now, but in a state

whose name it shares, Puebla has a little more altitude, a little cooler climate, but the same quality of softness in the air, the same sulphur water that flows so abundantly in Cuautla, and a degree of the same popularity with those needing to be cured. Puebla, however, is more of a city, and can assimilate these latter visitors as Cuautla can not. Moreover, Puebla has some charming suburbs and rest spots to which, being a city, it dispatches many of the impotent or the indisposed. With a population just under one hundred thousand, it narrowly misses being the second city in size of the republic and if it must yield to Guadalajara in this respect it still claims second place in the consideration of the visitor. It has the name of being conservative as to taste and social customs, anti-foreign, Romanist in religion, even reactionary as to politics. Certainly it is not progressive in many of the usual implications of the word; but without being so it would seem to have made progress in whatever contributes to its charm. The capital of the richest state in Mexico, it has a look of comfort and of competence. In architecture, in landscape, in the equipages upon its clean asphalt streets, in the dress of its well-to-do citizens, one is reminded that essential harmonies may be preserved in more than one style. Puebla society is accused of being exclusive and perhaps this is confirmed rather than otherwise by the eagerness that I observed in the daughter of one of its prominent families, when visiting in another town, to make acquaintance with the American and English colony, including the Protestant church there. If so, when their opportunity for reciprocating came the family were generous beyond expectation in making a little glimpse of their own life possible. I was invited to call at the house, which does not happen to a young man in their own set unless he is an accepted suitor. They were meeting an American in his own way. The daughter whom I knew greeted me first, after the servant. I was conducted to where the maternal head of the household and her oldest daughter sat

to receive their callers, and was introduced. Then for a few moments I sat in a second parlor with Miss *Maria*, as I shall call her—an impossible departure from their conventional etiquette—till the younger sisters began to come in one after another, down to a little toddler of four years. Puzzled at first by a stranger whose speech was foreign, she ended by sitting on my lap. Whether the entry of this beautiful troupe was also contrary to established rules I do not know. Some very wise persons will say that of course such special favors were tantamount to a matrimonial acceptance; but they certainly had not the shadow of such meaning. I was not only an American, but I was an American from another city, in Puebla for no more than three or four days, and they had decided to treat me according to American ways of hospitality so far as they knew them. If in any particular they happened not to know they would err on the side of kindness. On a second call to take leave, I did not see the children till I was going out, but then found them, all four, in the corridor in a row waiting to bid me good by. It is years since then and I have never met one of the family since; but this pretty and gracious picture, together with the others that I remember of the luxurious and beautiful home and perfectly managed household, is still a source of enjoyment.

Puebla has more Mexican history than any other city except the capital. Not founded till 1532, when the Spaniards felt the need of a city half-way between and more healthfully located than either Vera Cruz or the Aztec capital on Lake Texcoco, it nevertheless has a miraculous story of its location, two angels having pointed out the spot to Fray Julian Garces. So it was called *Puebla de los Angeles*. It soon outgrew the neighboring Indian town of Cholula as Mexico City did its ancient neighbor Xochimilco. Leaping over to modern times, it was captured in 1821 by Iturbide, the first ruler of independent Mexico, was occupied by the Americans in 1847, and was besieged and taken by the French in 1862. A little later, May 5, 1862, its recapture

by General Zaragoza was the most brilliant victory in all the history of Mexican arms, and May 5 has been as great a national holiday ever since as the Fourth of July is with us. The French regained the town again next year and held it till 1867, when it was captured by General Porfirio Diaz and the French garrison were made prisoners. Zaragoza's victory in 1862 changed the name of the town to *Puebla de Zaragoza*.

No longer a "city of the angels" Puebla is still a city of churches. Any commanding view of it will show from fifty to seventy domes, agreeing in outline with those other domes, Popocatepetl and Orizaba, on either hand, and in color showing all the variety of tiles for the manufacture of which Puebla is noted. Popocatepetl is accompanied by his consort Ixtaccihuatl and also in this case by a strange figure, that of the pyramid of Cholula, nearer at hand. To the north is Malintzi, almost as towering as the other two giants, so that there is always an enclosing rim to the region, and every where the land has its bounty of growing crops.

Of all the churches, the cathedral is the most notable. Not so large as the cathedral in Mexico City, it is still very large—323 feet by 101 feet. If not quite so rich upon the exterior, it is generally felt to be even more harmonious; and within it has not only the same advantage but has also fortunately kept more of the opulence of decoration and furnishing that history associates with both these buildings. The interior is even "gorgeous" as described by one writer. It is not only in broad general effects that it gives the impression of richness; whether one examine the onyx and marble altars, columns, and pavements, or the wondrous old Gobelin tapestries of extremely pagan subjects given by Charles V of Spain, or the statuary, or the paintings by European and Mexican masters, or the wood-carving and inlay work in ivory, the effect remains throughout of unstinted devotion of rich materials, of labor, of ingenuity, and of art. Taking it all together, some discriminating critics regard the

Puebla cathedral as having more to reward study than any other church in America, not even excepting that at Mexico. Again, curiously, like the cathedral at the capital, it is not the fashionable church.

A Toltec Pyramid

From Puebla it is less than two hours to Cholula, the town of the pyramid. I speak of going by tramcar and not by that contrivance out of due time, the Interoceanic Railway. Not that progress need be lamented, even by the sentimental, for it is by innovation, so often deplored as an enemy of romance, that romance is made perpetual. Not till a thing has passed out from daily habit and commonplace utility may fancy beset it with a glamor of things past; but the consecration is one in which epochs are not finely observed. This quaint and dingy conveyance, and the tiny mules in front, now tugging pitifully over a hard place, now at a level jog, and again scampering away down some slope before the pursuing car—these might have belonged to any age not ours—so they do not offend.

On either side now as we pass, grain fields show that the earth yields willing increase, and at intervals are reapers who thrust in their sickles and turn with tedious movement to lay the grain in sheaves, as was the manner of reaping long ago. Such oxen as these that plod along, with yokes rudely bound upon their horns, labor steadily forever on imperishable old Greek bas-reliefs. Somewhat as now we see them, asses went burdened in the time of Mary and Joseph. The jars that are borne on dark and graceful shoulders are of a form long familiar before Rebekah came out from Nahor to draw water. As for the women and girls who are washing at many pools by the way, they are types from the age when Nausicaa spread her new-whitened garments by the shore of the sea.

It was in the afternoon that I arrived at this town so variously celebrated, and found in it neither a remnant of the great and splendid city which the scribes of Cortez

lyingly represented, nor a mere "town of one-story white-washed mud huts" which was all one mole-eyed modern writer could discover. I found under the dominant shadow of the giant mound a sleepy and romantic-looking village in which the signs of former Spanish dominance are plain, in which the hues of venerable towers and domes seem dissolving under the breath of decay to mingle with the softer air, in which the tones of bells in harmony still call a simple people to worship at unthrifty hours, and in which balconies and grated windows suggest many a fancy of love-making in years gone by. In short, Cholula is a provincial Mexican town. There two civilizations met, the older was nearly obliterated by the other, and that in turn was left to slacken when the usurpers who brought it had been driven out. The impulse of new Mexican life has not been much felt there, so Cholula dreams on in its valley.

Within five minutes two ragged boys attached themselves to me for better or for worse. They first helped me to buy and eat some bananas and mangoes at the market place; where a canvass of every booth must be made before the woman could return change for my dollar, and then it came all in *centavos*. They pointed out an old sacrificial stone and were able to hint vaguely that it has a fearful history. In fact, it was doubtless wet many a time with human blood. At each of the churches they made me wise as to how much money I should give the sacristan, having a care, I think, lest my stock of *centavos* should unduly lessen before they had received their part. One advised the use of my field glass for looking at a picture in the convent; and the other thought me an ill-furnished *Americano* because I had no camera. They sold me for ten *centavos*—so far had we advanced in friendship—a clay head that is *muy antiguo* (very ancient) and for which they had at first asked a dollar. They even became confidential regarding their family affairs. Both father and mother were dead, and their only dependence was an aunt, who was at times

very abusive. When I remarked that they did not seem unhappy, both at once, with the most aggrieved tone possible, exclaimed, "*Como no, Señor?*" ("Pray, why not?")

Together we sauntered out to the pyramid. This is larger than any other such—about two hundred feet high and more than a mile in circumference. The latter measurement is greater than that of the largest Egyptian pyramid, though in height some of the Egyptian structures are greater. It must also be said that while the Egyptian monuments were built of natural stone this thing of little honor, as our unpoetic friend would describe it, was built of mud. That is to say, it was built of sun-dried bricks, the junctures of which can still be seen, and was faced with stone and plaster which have either crumbled away or been removed. Its form, however, must have been at one time strikingly like the Egyptian though truncated. This *teocalli* of Cholula is not the best preserved in Mexico. "The Pyramid of the Moon" and "The Pyramid of the Sun," the two principal ones at Teotihuacan, noticed on our first journey to the capital, are more perfect specimens. But the one at Cholula is more famous, and the vegetable growth of a milder climate has made it more beautiful. Its flat top, about an acre in extent, and with a stone parapet all around, is not so empty as theirs; but is surmounted by a Spanish church which takes the place of the once splendid temple, and with which also the hand of time has been at work. Nor is the spot without an added charm of pathos to the imagination of most visitors, probably because of that valiant resistance and bloody massacre which have been noted since the conquest.

When I asked my guides and instructors who built the pyramids, they said, "*Los Aztecas.*" Other authorities have disagreed, thinking the pyramid older than Aztec occupancy, and ascribing it to that gentler and more civilized people, the Toltecs. Indeed, faith in the general accuracy of my informers was somewhat shaken at this point; for when I

asked who built Popocatepetl, they again answered, "*Los Aztecas.*" I tried to bring them to a worthier notion of the old giant towering in the distance, wrapped about just then with the whiteness of two distinct cloud-levels below, and above with his monk's cowl of eternal whiteness. The attempt may have been lost. They seemed to take my correction at once; but ready agreement is a finished art with them, and I am not sure of their thoughts.

On the summit of the mound one commands a fine view of the country round about for many miles, broken here and there by a mountain and bounded at last by the crests that make the limit of the valley. One does not think it strange that here the ancient god of agriculture bade his last farewell to Mexico. Should he ever return, as some natives still hope with well nigh Hebrew fondness, seeing that the Spaniards by no means brought him on their arrival—should he ever come again to this valley of Puebla, he will find that meanwhile he has not been wholly without devotees. Rude enough is their devotion; but Heaven seems to acknowledge it with harvests.

Cortez declared that from this eminence he counted four hundred pagan temples; and it is of record that as he destroyed them he set the natives, however unwilling or little able, to replace each by a building for Catholic worship. It would seem that in this instance Cortez may have told the truth, for churches stand as close everywhere as lighthouses on a rocky coast. If so many can be seen from one point anywhere else in the world it would be interesting to know where. They lend themselves so to beauty in the landscape, and look such perfect symbols of peace and simple piety that one is not willing to regard them otherwise. One accuses oneself of ungratefulness when the thought occurs that blood was wrung from an unhappy people in the demand for tribute to these sacred buildings—a demand from whose impoverishing effect they have never recovered.

Having taken a farewell glance at the panorama in the

slanting light, there was nothing to do but go my way. A native ran after me, offering an arrow-head for sale and declaring with great emphasis that it was genuine. I assured him of my implicit belief, and said that I had seen pecks of such curios found in the Connecticut valley. He turned back in no ill humor, apparently less vexed than amused. At the railway station, for I confess I left by railway, we three friends justly divided the now lighter burden of *centavos*, and said a cordial good night. I hoped that for once the terrible aunt would not be severe.

Higher Than the Alps

Either Cholula or Amecameca around to the west will serve as a way station for one who means to climb Popocatetepi. It happened that I went up on the west side from Amecameca. This account of my experience will lack the distinction of a first ascent. The summit, though two thousand feet higher than the highest Alp, has been scaled many a time since a companion of Fernando Cortez braved its then unprecedented height. The yawning mouth of the drowsy volcanic monster, which we entered, has become a place of industry for human pygmies like ourselves; the sulphur that it spits out as venom is an article of commerce; and stolid Indians, going every day to bring this down, think the ascent as commonplace as any other hard day's toil. Yet if you ever make it you will probably not do so with indifference. Eighteen thousand feet above the sea, ten thousand feet above the surrounding plain, and shaped for all the world like the crown of a high sombrero, with snow covering all above the top of the broad band, the "smoking mountain" will never be lightly approached by a stranger, it is safe to say, unless the threatened railroad is built. Even if limbs are good, and lungs are sound, and heart proves equal to the strain, you will find the task one to be reckoned with.

The first thing is to get on speaking terms with the

giant. "Popocatepetl" it is written, but that is not enough to know. The natives call it *Popo'cataype'ttle*, and, as has been hinted, it means "smoking mountain." It belongs to the primitive tongue of the Indians and has no more to do with Spanish, the language of Mexico today, than old Welsh names in Wales with the modern language of Great Britain. If you cannot manage it in its full bulk and weight, call it "Popo" as tourists often do.

A letter of introduction sent forward to the ranch some five thousand feet above, brought the overseer down at a smart jog with pony and pistols. He found us all eating in a restaurant. The moment he appeared and addressed us in tolerable English we knew that if our troubles did not soon begin it would not be his fault. Sufficiency is marked all over him. He helped to find horses and guides, fix prices, and arrange for supplies. The typical Mexican ranchman, by the way, is a gentleman, a born fighter, ambitious, patriotic, and resourceful. He will figure largely as the animating spirit of any change that may come, either by moral influence or by force of arms.

Next morning, the women of the party having spent the night packed away in a hotel that was too small for them, and the men having slept on the earth floor of the railway station, our young *ranchero* with his odd costume, wiry figure, light air, and gay songs led the way out of town, the guides trotting along behind and occasionally making short cuts. We had several hours of travel thus, women and men alike riding our beasts in the way that nature intended. About four o'clock we reached the shanty, whose hospitality we were glad to find. Señor Perez, for our guide now became our host, announced that here we were to lodge. And indeed night already began to settle upon that side of the mountain. Such is the angle that the sun seemed scarcely to have entered the western half of the sky before it hid itself.

We had seen the mountain from the top of the old Toltec

pyramid of Cholula; we had seen it through notches among the hills where only goats and Mexican donkeys could keep footing upon the trail; we had viewed it in morning and in evening light from Chapultepec; and some of us were to look down upon its great surface from the rim at the top. I have studied all these different aspects, but never did it make the breath stop and the heart grow sick with a feeling that could not be controlled, as when we looked, straight up it seemed, at the terrible cold height in the last glow of that afternoon sun, and knew that it did not hang over us more nearly than did the adventure for its conquest on the morrow.

Nineteen of us, and Perez with a partner and friend, making twenty-one in all, slept as best we could packed around one small room with heads toward the many chinks in the wall and with feet toward the center. The circle was not complete; for at one corner was a rough fire-place discharging most of its smoke into the room. The chinks, though they admitted enough cutting blades of air, seemed not to let much of the smoke escape. We lay in our clothes, of course, and in whatever extra blankets we had, for at that height of 13,000 feet the air at night is cruel to one who has spent months in the mild climate of the plateau. Our shoes only we removed, as no one wished to awake with swollen and aching feet.

At three in the morning we rose, and at five were started. Should anyone be curious as to how the two hours between had been spent, some of our party could answer for the employment of them. In the numbing, blistering, altogether strange cold of that lofty air, we had spent most the time helping to catch a stray horse, identifying horses and saddles that each person as far as possible might have his own of the day before, adjusting girths that stiffened fingers refused to manage, and calling down blessings on the guides, no one of whom was more useful for such matters than a sheep. On the whole perhaps they were worth what they

received; each member of our party was to pay, for horse and guide during three days, the sum of \$8.00, Mexican money, or \$4.00 in our own.

Finally we mounted. Those of us who had been martyrs for the rest were chattering with cold. More than half had been sickened by the smoke or some other cause. No one had eaten much breakfast, as it is against all advice. Yet some, of course, were more cheerful than others. Part of these were to be among the first "quitters."

We rode our horses to the snow line, fourteen thousand feet high in the month of January, and there left them. Some were almost exhausted, so that they had been brought along only by leading and coaxing. All suffered from the cold, as they were accustomed to the plains below. Persons who knew said that going much beyond this point would be fatal to them.

Henceforth it was to be real climbing. The zigzag path was easy to follow with the eye, but painfully hard for already lagging feet. However, we kept along. I myself felt no other distress than this sensation of labor and a continued rebellion in my stomach.

After what seemed a very long time of our starting and halting, the sun came up out of the low country and showed itself. The angle from us was as if we viewed a cartwheel from a church steeple. Such a phenomenon in itself would have been curious enough to pay for some effort. But we were bent upon other things, those who still held out, so we gave it very brief attention. Adjusting our colored glasses, for we had been warned against the glare of a tropical sun upon the snow, we thrust our sandals into the path and kept on.

By this time it was pure doggedness with the best of us, and we had reached an altitude of some sixteen thousand feet. As the snow began to melt, the difficulty was increased. Often our foothold gave way so that the desperate climbing of a full long minute was lost by a single slip. The need

of stopping to rest became more and more frequent. One man, indeed, a physician, about fifty years old, had been obliged from the first to lie down every few feet. Now he was far below most of us and it seemed useless for him to think even of reaching where we were. Yet he kept on.

When we were two-thirds of the way up my nausea, which I had attributed to the smoke, left me. The chief cause of this feeling is doubtless inequality of pressure upon the organs, and particularly failure of the heart to adjust itself to lessened resistance upon the arteries. With some climbers mere weariness probably accounts for more than they are aware.

Whatever had been the cause of my own ills, they were all forgotten when the break in the everlasting curve was actually seen; and when we had actually won the battle I felt like a war-horse. Others apparently did also; though some postal cards that we wrote did prove rather shaky.

Most of us carried our own blankets, barometers, and lunch-boxes all the way. After mere "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of general admiration, we attended first to the lunch-boxes, and afterward to the barometer and similar matters.

The crater of Popocatepetl is at the very middle of the perfect dome. Its rim is unbroken all around and is of nearly equal height, though the side at which we looked over is a little lower than the other. It was topped then by a smooth abrupt wall of hard snow about six feet high. From side to side it is fully six hundred yards—surprisingly large. It is more than five hundred feet deep and some two hundred yards wide at the bottom, where there is a sulphur lake. The color of this is green—not greenish like sea water, but green.

At several points in the side of the old crater are little holes as large as a man's wrist, from which sulphur smoke issues with an unpleasant, hissing noise. All the sides of the crater are decidedly warm, though not too hot to touch. We went down some little distance. We measured, guessed, commented, gazed, and wondered.

Then we started toward the world again. When we were ten minutes downward, which would mean a good hour's distance in the opposite direction, we met Perez with the doctor and a school teacher in tow. He afterward succeeded in landing them at the top, though not within the hour.

Thus far scenic effects have hardly been mentioned. During the grim effort to get up we took little notice of them, beyond marveling at the sunrise so far below us. When at the summit, we could see less than must at times be possible, for there were cloud masses lower down. The impression of distance is not so great as on one New England mountain of local celebrity which rises a thousand feet above its surroundings. From such a petty height every distance and bulk is appreciated, and level fields seem to be very far below. They are not too far to seem far. But from old Popo the eye cannot measure by anything. Everything is gigantic and in equality of proportion, for the things below which are not gigantic are lost altogether. Yet the clouds and the snow, and the colors upon both, and the shapes of mountains, and the blue of the upper sky (for there is a lower sky also, to one who climbs)—all this gives a feeling not easily to be described nor soon forgotten. Two other snow-capped mountains stood in view above the vapors, Orizaba, a few feet higher than Popo, and Ixtaccihuatl, not quite so high. The valleys were so full of dense, perfectly white and level-lying clouds that it seemed every time we looked as if we could sit upon a straw mat and slide down the snow, across the snowy cloud reaches, and up the other side.

Most of the party did slide down on the snow crust, but two of us were obliged to walk for lack of a man with an ironbound stick to steer the craft. We walked when we did not run or sprawl, the guides calling after us, "*despacito*" (a teeny bit slow!) at every jump or slip. Their caution was wise, no doubt, but we had lost all respect for

them. We brought on ourselves more local soreness of muscles from this coming down than from going up; but we enjoyed the descent and arrived at the snow line soon after those who slid. In another half hour we were at the shanty.

Our goggles had not prevented some cases of inflammation from the glare; and sunburn is a mild word for what we suffered, but on the whole the hardships and difficulties were not so great as we had thought possible, for they were all such that we got over them. Popocatepetl, smooth, even dome that it is, is doubtless one of the easiest mountains on the globe upon which to reach so great a height. There are no glaciers, no treacherous ravines, none of the special terrors that attend mountain climbing elsewhere. One's trying experiences are likely to arise for the most part from within. However, he must be a hardened climber indeed to whom the ascent would appear commonplace.

Towns and More Towns

It would be resented by enthusiasts for each town if I should say that Morelia, to the northeast of Mexico City, in the state of Michoacan, and Guadalajara, three times its size, in the state of Jalisco, look in any way alike; that there are no differences worth noting between Guanajuato and Queretaro, capitals of two neighboring states of the same names to the north of the Federal District; or that between Aguas Calientes and San Luis Potosi, similarly related to two states in the next tier northward, though still four hundred miles from the border, one might be at a loss to distinguish. There are differences in setting, altitude, latitude, mean temperature, numerical population, and chief industries. Guadalajara has for sale its famous pottery, and Aguas Calientes its even better known Mexican drawn-work on linen. Guanajuato has its mint and its mines which do add landmarks to the surrounding hillsides, its really splendid theater, and its gruesome catacombs. In Queretaro they will show you a chapel on the site of Maximilian's execu-

tion, and the remarkably rich church of Santa Rosa which claimed the enthusiastic praise of Charles Dudley Warner for its unsurpassed wood carving, its wealth of gold leaf decoration, and its beautiful paintings. There are the features of local pride and interest; but after all a description of one town, as seen by a northerner, would read very much like the description of another. One tires of those worthies, Cortez and Maximilian, after a time. If, as in the Queretaro church, one learns that a superb altar piece was burned not from public necessity, as Juarez ordered many things destroyed, but by the French in mere greed and wantonness, one's flagging interest revives. It is always stimulating to have something that one can resent.

On the whole, even the tourist is likely to imbibe something of the quiescent mood of the country. It is not inherent and peculiar to Mexicans; the animals have it. Though very little of a horseman, I have ridden young stallions in Mexico as unhesitatingly as I would ride old Dobbin on the New England farm, and with as little danger. I have gone through yards full of mules, and suffered no harm. They clatter in strings along the highways without a strap except the girth of the pack saddle, and driven by one small boy for a dozen or twenty mules. I never saw one show signs of viciousness. One will kick, naturally, if he gets his leg over a chain trace. Bulls are driven along the roads by children; at different times, on foot or on horseback, I have passed scores and they always gave me the road. The explanation I have never heard. One man says it is in the breeding; but why should breeding have happened to affect them all so—horses, mules, cattle? Another asserts that it is in the fodder—one feeding a day of barley and barley straw will not make an animal very spirited, he says. But on this same fodder the animals show remarkable strength and endurance and keep in condition if otherwise well treated. Neither do they show absence of life in its

harmless demonstrations. The peculiarity is not due to uniformly humane treatment I can vouch, nor can animals be cowed by any crueler treatment there than some receive in the United States. Rattlesnakes around Lake Chapala almost never bite. It must be "the Mexican habit," which contrary to the usual idea, is non-aggressive. The tourist gets it, and becomes willing to sit in the central park of any typical Mexican town—the park is always there—and let life pass by for his delectation or enlightenment. This experience is about the same in any of the places mentioned.

There is a town, Pachuca, that deserves special description as unique. It has a park, but it has an almost perpetual cold wind, and frequent dust storms that make sitting in the park only an occasional enjoyment. It is in the bottom of a cup, with only one low side toward Mexico City, from which three railroads come out the sixty miles and terminate. Down the sides of this cup, in the rainy season, the water rushes till the streets, flooded from all sides, become rivers. Through a little gap in the high wall the northern winds rush in. In the dry season the people look eagerly for the rains, as their surrounding then is a desert. In the rainy season every afternoon makes them pray for the freshets to cease. Every morning is an amethyst above and an emerald under foot; but every afternoon from May to September the clouds blacken and the floods come. Market women have drowned in the streets. Forty thousand people live here, including perhaps a hundred Americans and the remnants of a colony of Cornish miners—tin miners they were in Cornwall—who lived here for thirty or forty years. One by one the Cornish families are going back home now to live henceforth on what Mexico has bestowed. And what makes the place? Silver. Silver and *pulque*. The only crop grown with any large success in the immediate neighborhood is the maguey, from which the national intoxicant is made. One English millionaire owes a large part of his fortune to his activity

in *pulque*, and there are several members of his family personally the worse for too much use of it. Maguey was grown by the Indians before the Spaniards came, but silver is the chief local interest. There are about three hundred mines in the vicinity and some of them have been worked since early in the sixteenth century, till the output must be estimated in billions of dollars. The claim marks, the piles of tailings and "*tepetate*" (slag), the yawning mouths of tunnels, and the curious mine buildings lend variety to the precipitous hillsides. The silver that they yielded, until a few years ago went the sixty miles to Mexico by stage or mule train. As late as 1901 there was no bank, and paper money was unfamiliar. The Mexican silver dollar, the *peso*, then worth about forty-three cents, was almost the only familiar unit of value, and a man who had a month's salary about him, unless poorly paid, was grievously burdened. It was no uncommon sight to see a servant accompanying someone on his way to a business appointment literally staggering under a load of dollars. It is not quite true to say that this dollar was or is the only familiar unit. It is the official unit, the unit in business. But the market women cannot reckon in *pesos* nor in *centavos*. They hold by the old Spanish scheme of *real* (shilling), half-*real*, and quarter *real*, which runs into fractions. This, however, little irks them, for they sell only a *real's* or a *cuartillo's* worth at a time. If you want five times the amount you repeat the transaction five times. It is forbidden to buy or sell merchandise by any but the metric units or to reckon money by other than the decimal system. A weighing scale cannot be imported unless with whatever other markings it may have it bears the metric scheme of grammes, kilogrammes, etc. In the markets the law is relaxed seeing that it is hard for the common people to change, but in shops it is usually enforced. An inspector of weights and measures was in a small dry goods place when a boy asked for a *vara* (about a yard) of cloth. "We sell it by the meter, thirty *centavos*," said

the proprietor. "But I don't know *meter*," protested the boy, "how much would a *varra* be?" "Well, a *varra* would be about twenty-five *centavos*," vouchsafed the man. The boy asked for a *varra*, paid twenty-five *centavos*, and went out. "You are fined," said the inspector, "for selling cloth by the *varra*." "How much am I fined?" asked the shop-keeper. "Twenty *reales*," pronounced the inspector, half severely, half indulgently. "But you have imposed my fine in *reales*," exclaimed the shopkeeper, "and therefore you are also fined," Both men laughed, neither fine was paid, and the inspector afterward told me the story on himself.

A Pleasant Ride

At ten one morning, though six would have been a better time, we left Pachuca on two hired horses, bound for Regla. An hour's riding over the famous road to Real del Monte, along which many a fabulous fortune of silver has gone by mule-cart, and whose sharp turns have witnessed many a bold bandit adventure, then a short canter across a flat, and we came to "the *Real*."

A little way back we had seen a man wearing a blanket that we coveted for its rich colors and its characteristic Mexican design. Now, as we dismounted, he was coming into sight, and I went to greet him, with some compliments regarding the blanket. He was soon prompted to offer it for ten pesos (five dollars), and to explain how an old woman among the mountains of Puebla had woven it for him. For eight *pesos*, after some argument, the blanket was bought. It was well bundled and well wrapped, as its condition required, but we were sure that after thorough washing it would come out as beautiful as an Oriental rug, nor were we to be disappointed. Perhaps we ought to have paid the ten *pesos*, but we were not clear about it and there was no one to arbitrate.

Having greeted the native Protestant pastor and his wife, we went up the street a few doors to take dinner with

"Aunt Mary," a good soul whose title of affection had become so familiar among English and American miners for fifty miles around that she was scarcely known, even at the postoffice, by any other name, and all the shopkeepers had learned to call her by the Spanish equivalent "*la tia Maria*." More than twenty years she had remained in this place, ten thousand feet high, where husband and brothers, miners all, had lost their lives, and where she was soon to end her own, though we did not know that the present meal was the last we should have with her. So, here and there, no doubt there are many solitary foreign women who stay to do good in a land where they have suffered.

The hottest two hours of the day being over, we took leave of "Aunt Mary," left a little contribution toward the charities that she was dispensing every day from slender means, and joined our friend the minister, who was going toward Regla as far as Velasco. Pleasant chatting carried us through Omitlan to his destination at Velasco, a little farm village among the mountains. Cornish "pasties," strong tea, and saffron cake full of plums, all pressed upon us by the bountiful "*tia Maria*" at noontime, now inclined us more to repose than to exertion. Rain, also, began to threaten, and we hesitated. Soon, however, we were to leave the republic, and Regla, so long heard about, might remain by us forever unvisited. So we kept on through San Antonio, turning to the right from that hamlet to the interesting and beautiful blue "*Ojo de Agua*." We retraced to San Antonio and took the opposite direction to Regla, arriving there at a quarter before five o'clock.

When we reached the gate of an old *hacienda* it was with half a feeling of distrust that we entered, being told that so we could best see the noted falls. Inside and at the left of the entrance is a venerable chapel. At the right of the entrance is an exceedingly quaint garden with steps leading up to a quainter balcony, which runs along the side of a great nondescript building and terminates in some-

thing like a conservatory. Clearly there are living apartments beyond that, and pleasant they must be. From the office a courteous Spanish-looking young man came out, invited us to dismount, and told us that we could reach the falls only by walking. He furnished us a guide with keys and we started along a way which presently became a tunnel, then an arched and vaulted succession of underground chambers where smelting appears to have been done, then, emerging again after we had despaired of it, opened into a path along the edge of a ravine. Our guide told us naively that the subterranean passage was haunted, but that he himself had never seen anything ghostly. He assured us, however, that is "*una cosa muy espantosa*" (a very frightful thing").

Moving along the ravine, we came at last to a sight of two high natural walls, approaching each other at an angle; and gurgling and plunging down between them at their point of greatest nearness, a waterfall. This, though not wonderful in size or height, is a joyful thing to look at, and would in itself have repaid us for the journey. What attracted our attention most were the columns that form the two rocky converging walls. They are nearly perfect hexagonal prisms, basaltic in the popular sense, whether or not in the mineralogist's definition, and about three and one-half feet in diameter. Their height was not easy to determine, but I judged it to be some hundred and fifty feet. Most remarkable, I think, is a broken formation by which at one place not the sides but the smooth ends of the prisms are exposed to view, though considerably inclined upward. To the right and left of these are columns that stand erect, and above them are short stumps that are also perfectly upright.

The *hacienda*, church, and connected dwellings were built about a hundred years ago by the famous Count of Regla. The cost of construction may have been millions of dollars. Hours would be well spent in exploring the place,

for which we had only minutes. This Count of Regla was the rich man who endowed the National Pawn Shop of Mexico. He it was who lent the Spanish crown a million *pesos* and offered if the king would visit him to pave the coach road with silver for his coming.

Again on horseback, having given our thanks to the Spanish-looking young man and our *peseta* to the guide, we started homeward.

The country from Regla to Omitlan is as unlike the barren Pachuca plain and hillsides as could well be. Cattle are grazing, crops are growing luxuriantly, the road has a consistency of genuine earth under foot, and there is green everywhere. The peasants' huts are cleaner and much more comfortable, the simple costumes of carriers and donkey drivers give signs of acquaintance with water, here and there are little shady groves where rabbits skip; and all is a picture of simple, rural prosperity. Velasco and Omitlan, but for the Indian blankets and wide hats and the low style of buildings, are like contented, hill-surrounded farm villages at home.

One slope as we came along startled us by what seemed to be multitudes of glaring lights. They proved to be the points of a thousand maguey pants, wet with a little shower that was all the outcome of earlier cloudy threatenings, and now all aglow with red reflection from the setting sun. I had seen windows lighted up so, but never anything in nature. The flash of a thousand polished spears could not have been more brilliant.

Still later, for night was approaching, we looked through the notch in the mountains beyond which we knew was Real del Monte, and saw framed between their dark masses that beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, which has an additional charm for the fancy because from our latitude at home it is never seen. This cluster of beacons was before us continually as we galloped along the shadowy roads for an hour, finally slackening rein and breath

within a few moments' ride of "the Real." On Saturday night there is just enough chance of slightly unpleasant encounters to make a spice in the after recollection. It is only twenty years since all this neighborhood was thoroughly infested by bandits. Now the worst fear is of some drunken miner who might give trouble.

A little before eight o'clock we were again with our friends in their pretty flower-hidden parsonage, where we were to spend the night.

An incident of one trip to Real del Monte has always returned to me with a peculiar pathos. On a high hill overlooking "The Real," where it can be seen for miles around is the cemetery of the English people of Pachuca and Real del Monte, enclosed by a white wall. It has been there now for more than a generation, and there are graves enough to keep each other company. I happened along as a child's funeral was approaching and waited to attend. From the foot of the hill the coffin is always carried up by two sets of bearers, alternating as often as they need. No hired person ever touches a shovel to a grave. All such labor is performed by friends and neighbors, which is peculiarly significant in this country where no white man does manual work. On this particular occasion all the children of the colony, between fifty and a hundred, attended, dressed in black and white and carrying wreaths. While no lover of funerals I have remembered this one as signifying the group unity of fellow-countrymen in a strange land. I felt as if something almost traitorous were being done when last spring, ten years later, I found all the prosperous families of the colony going home. A rather melancholy fact for the less prosperous who remain! They will become identified with the new American colony that is growing up, and as a consoling tie some of their former neighbors will still be represented by sons and daughters to whom England is not home, and who, though jealously claiming citizenship as Britons, find that they cannot be happy away from the

land of their birth. Strange ramifications of interest and sentiment indeed, come of life in a foreign country.

VI. The West and North-- Homeward.

WO young friends of mine who were going from eastern New York to Mexico thought California so little out of their way that they would be foolish not to include it in their journey, which they did. They got a check cashed in San Francisco and made a new beginning; a railway ticket to Mexico City costs more from San Francisco than from Toronto. To infer that Mexico has a long coast line on the west will not be going astray. Those who are fresh from school geography will disdain the weakness of mere inference here; and you may feel about equally superior if you have lately referred to a map. My friends were describing almost an equilateral triangle, so that after three thousand miles of travel they found themselves little nearer their destination than before.

Maps and other sources of indirect knowledge are likely to play a larger part in our acquaintance with the sections of the republic not yet visited. Whoever has seen as much as the foregoing chapters cover will find his allotted time well toward its end, else he is no mere winter tourist. He may be the prospective author of some first-hand studies among the aborigines of "Unknown Mexico," or of investigations concerning the economic and social conditions which have lately been characterized under the strong phrase, "Barbarous Mexico," or of learned disquisitions on fauna and flora, on geology, on archaeology, or what not. He may be an intending settler, a prospector or a dawdler. He may be well enough in his way; but to the brisk and somewhat careless traveler he is of course no companion.

Toward home then we shall be gradually making our way, alert for any thought of somebody else that may help us to generalize, sympathetic and intelligent now toward many things that a little while back we dismissed simply as barbarous, by an insidious process turned students of prosaic books of reference during odd hours upon train or in hotel, finding nothing dull which broadens our acquaintance with this country of our travel. It has become the way of the three-months' visitor "to love that well which he must leave ere long."

Customs and Comparisons

There is very much, we discover, that we should like to have got at first hand but must now gather in these secondary ways. Familiarity with the bull fight will not be one of them, for whoever wants to see a bull fight has opportunity enough. The writer of these papers is unacquainted from choice. Those to whom the romantic traditional associations obscure the actualities of the thing and who can think back to the old tournament jousts during the performance may enjoy it. Those who wish to read about it are advised to take Mr. Arthur M. Huntington's "Notebook in Northern Spain," Miss Katherine Lee Bates's "Spanish Highways and By Ways" or any one of a number of books in which it figures; including the Mexican guide books. To some it is only an exhibition of a poor old horse being impaled or having his entrails gored out by a tortured animal that would gladly be let alone—sickening and revolting. Many American men who carry an air of bravado on their travels and want to see what is to be seen are unable to sit through one killing. Mexicans apologize for the institution even while they admit they enjoy it, and say that it is sure to disappear though its death is slow. The morbid curiosity of foreigners helps to perpetuate it. I never heard a Mexican silly enough to argue that it is "less brutalizing than football" though some Americans have so argued. The in-

fiction of bodily injury or pain is no object in football unless to some player unworthy of the game—certainly not to the spectator—while in bull fighting the glee of the whole matter is the glee of killing. If the bull fighter himself suffers the sport is all the better for that.

Many comparisons of various kinds at first made to the detriment of Mexico are afterward revised. With writers about Mexico the "palm shack" and the "mud hut" are favorite objects of contempt. The bamboo and paper house of the Japanese is appreciated but the Mexican palm shack, which may be a cousin to it, is still treated with derision or disgust. Yet the palm shack has its merits. It affords excellent ventilation where ventilation is desirable; and if it is not always of marked cleanliness, neither are the places where men and women starve among us at home. At its best it may be very inviting. The "mud hut," that is the adobe house, is certainly the kind I should build in Mexico if I could spend only two or three thousand dollars on a dwelling. It is fire-proof, earthquake resisting, warm in winter, cool in summer, highly durable, and, when plastered, capable of being colored and re-colored to suit the taste of the occupants at small expense. I have mentioned one in Oaxaca that is 250 years old and still good.

Whoever speaks of Mexico as a benighted country does not refer to the method of lighting her towns. A direct change from the candle lantern to the electric arc took place there while only the most progressive American towns had as yet adopted electric lighting. As Mexico had no natural gas, no known supply of native coal from which to make gas, and no oil except what was imported, there was every stimulus to develop her many slender but high waterfalls from which abundant electric current could be generated. Part of the lacks named above have since been filled; though domestic coal is still not abundant, and so iron, of which there are considerable deposits, especially in Durango, is smelted at a disadvantage and in limited

quantities. Monterey has the largest and most modern plant, where even heavy Bessemer steel rails are made.

The Mexicans as a people are artistic in temperament and intellectual when given a chance. In an imitative way they are clever at all sorts of handicrafts. They have less mechanical ability than Americans, less business invention or initiative, and less general practicality. The representative Mexican physician, I believe, knows as much of the theory of his profession as the American physician, and has done more reading aside from his profession; but for applying his knowledge to cases commend me to the American. I have known of some unfortunate experiences with Mexican doctors and particularly surgeons for whom as men of culture and of intellect I had great respect. The same characteristics appear in the trades. A Mexican carpenter can do nothing for you which requires ingenuity; but if he makes you a plain chest he will insist on making it better than the American carpenter would think worth while.

Mexicans on their part are as likely to think us better than we are as to think us worse. A native preacher of really admirable attainments after spending a winter in New York gave an account of his impressions. It was extremely interesting but also amusing to some American hearers because of the way in which he lauded us for merits that we do not possess. The extreme courtesy of everybody in New York was one subject of comment with him. New York policemen, he observed, are not armed except with a stick, and have no need to be. That there are some speakers and writers who regard Americans as mere exploiters of their country cannot be denied, and while one-sided their view has an element of truth. Americans own some of the henequen plantations of Yucatan; Americans control mines where labor is as much oppressed and safety of life as little regarded as ever under Spanish management; American policy of finance has compelled a constant apology or defense of the Mexican government when it was indefensible and so

made us enemies of progress among our southern neighbors.

There are of course no end of customs and objects which do not lend themselves to any comparison at all but which one remembers and would like to describe. One is the celebration of Christmas. The *puecos* or special Christmas markets are interesting but I have reference more to the *Posada*, which translated means "the inn." A shrine is set up, and the manger, the divine babe, Mary, and Joseph are represented as well as other figures or incidents pertaining to the life of Christ. Some of the company remain inside while others forming a procession outside sing or chant their supplication for admittance. This is denied, also in song, nine times, symbolizing the failure of Mary and Joseph to find lodging, but on the tenth time it is granted, after which the remainder of the solemnity is held before the shrine. A less serious part of the ceremony comes with the giving of gifts, which are likely to be figures in the forms of dancers, clowns, or animals, filled with candy or other dainties. Some larger figures of earthenware are hung from the ceiling and blindfolded members of the party hit at them with sticks, the aim being to make sudden distribution of the contents.

Another curious custom belongs to the Easter season. On Saturday of the *semana santa* (Easter week) at an appointed hour, Judas the betrayer is burned with great demonstration. I saw him suffer, representatively, in front of several *pulque* shops on the day which I recall. Announcement beforehand will have gathered a considerable crowd at each place. From the roof or upper window of the shop, a rope is made fast to some opposite building. In proper time the man who is to manage the affair shows himself and slackens the rope so that it is within reach from the ground. Then Judas is borne out and greeted by shouts and the waving of many small paper banners which have been distributed by some merchant, perhaps the keeper of the shop, and which bear an advertisement of his wares.

Judas makes plain at once that some humor is admitted to the occasion. He is sure to have grotesque features, usually with a large and well colored nose, like those of our comic valentines. Not infrequently he has a high hat and always a coat that is "to laugh at." He may have been given an old basket, or a great empty gourd, or some cast-off garment to sling across his arm to make him more ludicrous. If his ordeal is to be before a shoe shop instead of a "drinkey" then he will probably have a pair of shoes or a hat which will be coveted by the people below. So far as I have observed Judas always keeps a cheerful air through the whole ceremony, until the fatal end, when of course he can no longer preserve any air at all.

Hurriedly taken to the middle of the street, the curious figure is hung upon a rope, a fuse in the region of his coat-tail is lighted, and the rope drawn tight again. Judas begins to revolve merrily, much to the enjoyment of the crowd. Then some explosive in his inward parts takes action, and all that is external, being of paper, is either blown to tatters or quickly consumed.

Once again the rope is lowered and scores of loud-hooting boys charge at the flimsy skeleton of Judas, which still remains dangling. Perhaps, for mischief, it is jerked out of reach again once or twice. But it is soon caught, and every boy of the howling company makes wild efforts to get at least some splinter as a trophy. Doubly triumphant is he who clutches the one thing of value that poor Judas possessed, whether that may have been shoes, hat, or some other piece of apparel. In an instant all is over, and the crowd begins to disperse, every one with a satisfied look.

This performance was doubtless attended, generations ago, with great religious fanaticism. Now there is nothing of the sort, though it is participated in by only the most ignorant of the people. There seems to be no more thought of symbolism than in our eating of Easter eggs, and no more sentiment than in most of our Fourth of July noise. It only

shows that the half-clothed and half-civilized native *peones* and their families have as much barbaric love of demonstration as we. For a stranger, however, it is full of curious interest and suggestion.

Western Coast Towns

The map and the guide book—for we must resume our journey—will tell us that even more than our own country, Mexico has been slow to develop along its western slope. Acapulco, some three hundred miles north of Salina Cruz, has a harbor generally conceded to be the best natural port in America, and one of the finest in the world, offering without man's effort advantages for which substitutes have been so costly at Vera Cruz and Tampico. Acapulco is completely land-locked, with high protecting hills, and amid characteristic tropical scenery. Some dredging is needed to make it of use for the largest steamers. Here the galleons of the old Spanish traders used to put in, and the buccaneers that pursued them. Fortifications were built in the seventeenth century, and for more than a hundred years this was the entry port for all the traffic of Spain not only with her Philippine possessions but also with India. Cargoes were unloaded, packed across the isthmus about four hundred miles to Vera Cruz, and re-shipped. But of late a port without a railroad could not flourish, so Acapulco has not greatly prospered. The Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Railway is being extended, and when it reaches the coast Acapulco will assume importance. Manzanillo, already having railway connections over the "Central" by way of Guadalajara, but lacking complete harbor protection as yet, is another port destined to grow. San Blas, yet a little to the north, then Mazatlan, and last, half way up the east side of the Gulf of California, Guaymas, make a succession of harbors most of which are too shallow for large vessels, but all capable of being deepened, well protected, or capable of being made so, and extremely beautiful. Absence of rail-

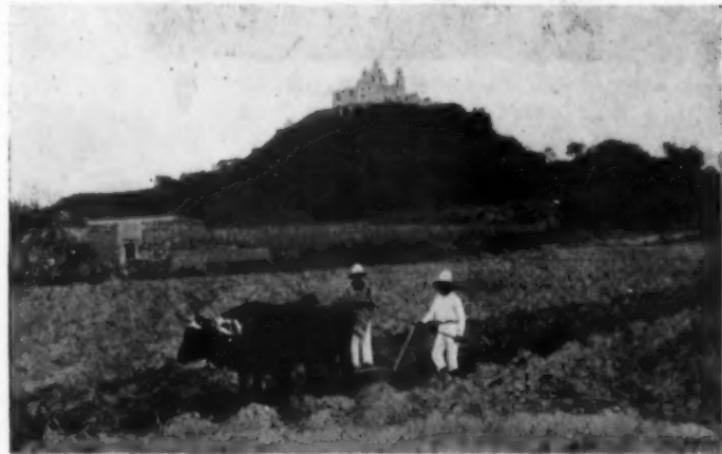
road facilities, which are just now being provided, has left undisturbed in these towns a great deal that is quaint, while being on the coast, they have slowly gathered strange accretions of life from every quarter of the globe. You may sit in the plaza and study them. There are more various breeds of people than in the interior and more variously mixed. Over there is a Chinaman with the bundle of linen that seems the attribute of a Chinaman the world over; and those girls just beyond moving along with a gait that is half glide and half waddle might be his daughters. They are more probably the daughters of some Chinese shopkeeper who plainly has a Mexican (Indian) wife. Of complexion they have rather more than either of their parents are likely to have had of a decided pink with a waxy cream color. You do not know after looking twice whether to call them pretty or repellent; but they look clean, healthy, and satisfied with life.

The negroes that pass now and then do not differ much in appearance from those to be seen in the Carolinas, though most of them, if you listen, are talking Spanish.

This mother with three children is a mongrel looking female—one may say it with slight shame and not unkindly since no other phrase describes a jaded creature in whom the Aztec, the African, and the Iberian are all mingled, and if not badly mingled have still not fortified her to make more than sad, persevering battle with life and frequent maternity. But do you notice how immaculate are the starched clothes of the three children and how almost pathetically clean her own cheap garments? Have you any notion how much work is involved to make the integuments of four as clean as that? Your laundry bills may at times have given you a hint that did not belittle it. And this woman has either devoted such an amount of work for today's outing or paid someone yet poorer to do it. Smile if you will as she sends one of her progeny back to the *dulce* man with a goody that he has already begun to enjoy but



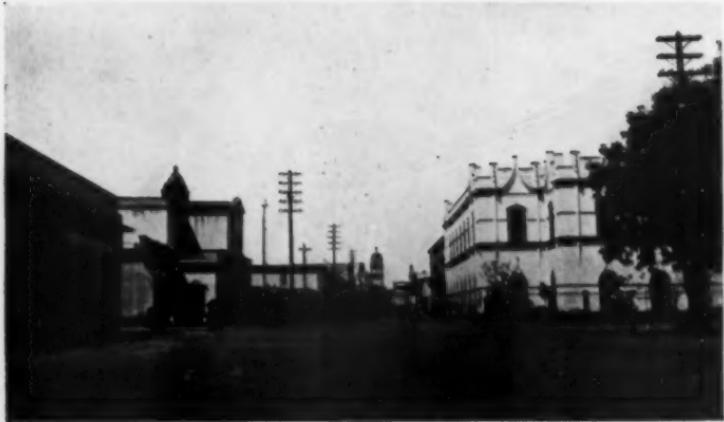
Pyramid at Cholula, with Church on Summit



Cholula. Pyramid from Farther Side



Puebla Cathedral



San Luis Potosi



"Portales" and Church in Aguascalientes



Puebla



Central Plaza, Pachuca



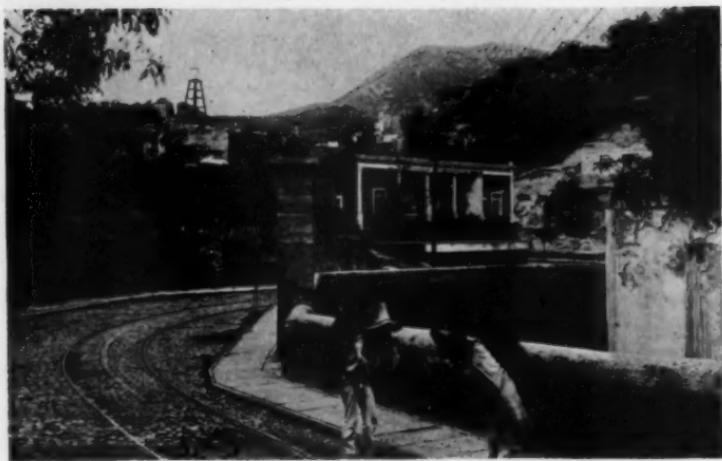
Real del Monte. English Cemetery on Lower of Two Hills



Guadalajara Cathedral



Guadalajara



Approach to a Mine—Guanajuato



Guanajuato



Lake Chapala



Chihuahua



Torreón



Monterey





which she fears is not wholesome, and the *dulce* man, with the universal politeness of the land submits to an exchange. So you might smile if you could witness the housekeeping of this mother of a family. More scrubbing will be done in a week than we might think necessary for a month; but the tolerance of all kinds of filth within arm's length of the door, unless some public authority looks after it, is a thing to admire. She is cleanly, but she does not know what sanitation means. She has a craving for beauty as the personal bedeckments of the family attest; but she has neither cultured tastes nor the unspoiled instinct for simplicity of some of her ancestors. She has a spark of aspiration after various things if only her aspiration were well directed and she were not so fragile a piece of yellow clay.

That *peon* on the other side of the walk is *borracho*, which being interpreted means drunk—very drunk. The well meaning young fellow of his own class who shakes him and is greeted with a muddled but emphatic protest, wishes to save him if possible from being helped away by a policeman. "You don't want a trip to the *Valle Nacional*, do you?" he inquires in answer to the protest; and the name has a sobering effect. Unless you have been reading books you will not know what the *Valle Nacional* is; but the *borracho* has an idea. The name is burned in on his mind so that even an excess of *pulque* or other drink does not wholly obliterate it. It is the place, so he believes, where a fellow arrested for being disorderly may find himself consigned to help raise some of the best tobacco in the world, under such climate and conditions that he will not last for more than one crop. The poor people have their bugaboos, many of which are unsubstantial, and *Valle Nacional* is one of them. The army is another, and the army has shown itself decidedly unsubstantial on occasions. Why not, if composed of men to whom it was a bugaboo until it became an unwelcome reality?

This woman with the powder so thick on her face and

the ludicrous grande air is the wife of some small merchant of European or mixed blood and the young Indian girl, so much superior to her in physique, in comeliness, and in apparent interest in life, is her servant.

Western Mexico has two beautiful lakes which might have been named along with the cities of Morelia and Guanajuato some time ago. One is Patzcuaro, dutifully described by almost every writer because of the painting of the descent from the cross at Tzintzuntzan attributed to Titian, Cabrera, Ibarra, and other great or lesser artists. The companion lake, Chapala, is the largest in Mexico and the most popular for vacations. Both lakes are full of fish and haunted by game and song birds. Both are high and have a delightful climate.

Among the sierras of the west live tribes of Indians acknowledging no allegiance to the Mexican government, little touched by any religion except that of their forefathers, little altered in customs or life by contact with white men, and thousands of them unable to speak Spanish. They differ markedly in type, one tribe from another, there being one popularly called *Chinos* by the Mexicans because of their Mongolian appearance.

Homeward Routes

On paper, that is in books planned so as not to need revision for two or three years, railroad connection is complete from Guanajuato all the way up the coast through the ports and beyond to Nogales, Arizona. In fact there are gaps as yet in the southern part. For the immediate present the tourist will choose a route farther eastward. There are three principal routes from the capital to the United States; one by Zacatecas, Torreon, and Chihuahua to El Paso, Texas; one turning a little eastward at Torreon to Eagle Pass, Texas; and one still farther to the east by way of Monterey, entering the United States at Laredo, Texas. Each of the American border cities has its Mexican

neighboring town just over the line: for Nogales, Arizona, Nogales in Sonora; for El Paso, Texas, Juarez in Chihuahua; for Eagle Pass, Texas, Ciudad Porfirio Diaz in Coahuila; for Laredo, Texas, Nuevo Laredo in Tamaulipas.

Mention ought to be made of Durango, a fine city of 40,000 inhabitants, which is reached by a side trip of six to seven hours southwestward from Torreon, which with an altitude of six thousand feet has a delightful climate, and about which is an interesting region but little developed. The country is mountainous and full of mineral deposits. Fish and game abound.

Zacatecas, hidden in a ravine between silver-bearing mountains, has a population of thirty-five thousand and is noted for mining, for churches, and for nearness to some interesting ruins, La Quemada. The climate is not one of the attractions though the scenery has a barren beauty. A trip to a mine is sometimes made part of a visit here. My own acquaintance with silver mines happens to have been made at another famous camp but essentials would not differ. A tram car drawn by mules is the most likely conveyance from town. Stone or plastered and whitewashed monuments on the hillside indicate the boundaries of the "claim." When the actual buildings are reached, the departments working above ground are too numerous to mention—offices, assaying rooms, sorting, grinding, washing, packing rooms, blacksmithing and repair shops, smelters, etc. Many of the cripples of the industry find employment in these super-terrenean departments. The man who drives nails in that "skip" is blind of one eye, the man who turns the wheel over there at the bellows is totally blind, and yonder you may notice a poor fellow standing on a wooden prop which serves as a leg. These are natives. But here comes a young Englishman from the chief office who lost his arm only six months ago through some mishandling or imperfection of a machine. You have bespoken a pleasure about as grim as visiting the forge of Hephaestus. Along with the blind and

the cripples, you look every moment for dwarfs and giants. Now enter through the long tunnel where you see the little flat cars issuing drawn by mules, and keep close to your guide. The walls of the tunnel are part masonry, part natural rock. When you reach the far end of this nearly horizontal tunnel, you are already far under a hill. The elevator or "cage" will take you up the shaft to the surface, or down to lower and lower levels. Notice the great pumping engine lifting thousands of gallons of gray mine water per minute night and day and always under careful watch, to keep the whole enterprise from being submerged. In some places you would still find only bull hides, roughly sewed and used as buckets, strings of them being hauled to the surface; but you are visiting a somewhat modernized establishment. There are sixteen different levels, one below the other, to which you may plunge in this cage of yours, till your technical friend tells you you are only a petty two or three thousand feet above sea level and your sensations tell you that hell cannot be far below. Along every level run narrow shafts, broadened wherever rich ore has appeared in quantity. Along every shaft crouch men and little children, half naked, under their dripping loads. Over each group of Indian laborers is a Mexican, an English, or quite possibly an American boss, his lamp, a candle, stuck upon his hat with soft clay. He himself does no work except in emergency—no white man in Mexico above or below ground does manual work—but even so his position does not provoke envy. Heat, blackness of thick darkness, strange half-muffled, reverberant sounds, a sense of pressure in the ears and of deadly weight upon the lungs, a saturating drip, drip at every turn, and confused glimpses now and then of human figures at toil—this is about all that the casual visitor to a mine can record. Above ground again you may watch to see how the workers emerge and will see them riding upon an open "skip"—not a "cage" this time—some standing upon the low edge and reaching over to cling to the rope

by which the car is hoisted. Deaths, you are told, are only moderately numerous, the greatest numbers being on Mondays or following feast days when *pulque* has been imbibed. The Mexican laborer is not lazy on a work day, but if free to do so he must observe all the festivals and memorials, for he is a creature of custom. The mules that you see mixing the great *torta* (cake) of amalgam out there are not creatures of custom and do not observe holidays nor die with incontinent suddenness; but they have shockingly sore legs from the effect of vitrol in the mixture. They are relieved, when too much affected to turn the great rolling stone that grinds the ore. You may console yourself that modern stamp mills are displacing this invention of 1557 as well as some of the uses of human labor just shown you. And yet there are to this day also mines where *peones* toil to the surface upon notched tree trunks for ladders, denied even the perilous aid of the "skip."

Torreón, with a population of fourteen thousand, has its chief distinction in being a railway junction as already indicated. An accident to our train made me acquainted with it, and I found it a good deal Americanized. Chihuahua is even more so, being nearer the border, and is twice as large. Silver smelters—for still we are in the region of rich silver mines—iron foundries, and factories give it a modern air. Hidalgo, the "Author of Mexican Liberty," was put to death here in 1811. Though the city of Chihuahua is chiefly famous for the raising of a useless and sickly kind of dog, it is the capital of a state larger than Ohio and Pennsylvania combined. This area is sparsely populated by Tarahumare Indians, the best runners in the world, and by miners and ranchmen many of whom are Americans. It is the old sister state of Texas, and like it in having vast regions devoted to cattle raising. Lumbering and silver mining are also among the industries.

On the Border

A writer in a religious weekly not long ago spoke of the twentieth century as being on one side of the Rio Grande, and the sixteenth on the other. No one would expect this to be the case and yet one is constantly surprised to find how little it is so. Monterey is about as American a city as San Antonio, and San Antonio lacks little of being as Mexican as Monterey. The baggage man, the customs agent, and lately, by reason of a decree, the train conductor also are of quite different types on the two sides of the line; and from these one might easily generalize. But an article by Charles Moreau Harger in the *Outlook* for January 25th, 1911, apropos of the admission to statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, reveals that on the American side from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego, California, the "twentieth century" is only blended with the sixteenth. From the Gulf to the Pacific, the quiet, non-official population who have nothing to do with large affairs but are so important in any prophecy regarding the future character of a region, has a considerable residue of the Mexican to whom the whole southwest once belonged. He is the "native," here as in Mexico itself. Forty-one per cent of the population of New Mexico are Spanish American; there are 135,000 of them in this one state. How many more are of mixed blood would be hard to guess but the number is certainly large.

The Mexican as a rule is without strong national or racial antipathies. Says a friend of mine who has studied the subject for years: "They are the amalgamators of all races. Large numbers of the poorer Mexicans are coming to the United States now and by intermarriage will do much to solve the negro problem and the Indian problem. What the final race will be I cannot predict but my observation makes me think it will be good. There are at present about as many Mexicans as there are American negroes in this southern strip; and the amalgamation can be seen all along the border, especially in San Antonio, Texas. There is a

city by itself in San Antonio where all the breeds may be studied by anyone who will take the trouble." As well as the poor, some Mexican families of means and culture have always remained in the United States since the border was shifted southward to include them.

On the other hand, the aggressive American is in evidence on the southern as well as the northern side of the border, occupying the positions in which initiative and the ability to manage would naturally place him. Nor is he the only modifying influence. "From all these colonies in the United States Mexicans and mixed bloods who have got a little American education are constantly going back to Mexico along with the Americans who go looking for land. The flow southward will increase now that the free land in the United States is nearly all taken. The Roosevelt Dam and other projects, and the statehood of Arizona and New Mexico will hasten the movement. The national line has little effect to stop it. Already American influence is increasing all the way southward to Colombia, South America."

Last Words

No, it is not true that the Rio Grande makes a barrier four centuries wide. We have a quite immediate reason for being interested in a people who are so destined to affect us and to be affected by us. They recognize the future and are preparing for it; English is taught in all their schools and hundreds of their young people are studying in various institutions in the United States. It behooves us to know what kind of people they are. "They are all gentlemen of the deadly knife or the too ready pistol," says one. "The Mexican of position is an adroit and plausible rascal. The poor Mexican is a petty thief. They are polite, but their politeness means nothing. A Northerner can never understand them; and they do not wish him to."

Now it is true that the carrying of arms is more common in Mexico than among us, though less common than

a few years ago. That is not a race characteristic, but belongs to a state of society, as it did in the pioneer days of our own West. I doubt whether we, less accustomed to have weapons at fingers' ends, should be more restrained in the use of them if they became fashionable ornaments among us.

It is true that not all Mexicans of brains are honest; but when the system under which business and government have been done is taken into account the standards of honesty that prevail are commendable. It is true that parasites have occupied very many of the public offices; but Mexico is not alone in that reproach. A son of a governor in one state drew a salary as instructor at an institute where he seldom or never appeared; and meanwhile an underling was paid a miserable pittance to do the work. Some Americans in the town characterized this arrangement in a way that doubtless it deserved; but they did not compare it with our system of appointing first and second-class postmasters to a sinecure and paying an assistant rather meanly to conduct the office. The governor's son was only taking advantage of an analogous corrupt system against which it is true he ought to have set himself resolutely as a good citizen. About the same time, in the same town, another young Mexican of the same social set was dissolving a highly lucrative partnership and going out to make a place for himself in a new community because he said he wished to be an honest man. The ingenious conclusion is that Mexicans are both honest and dishonest. There are petty thieves among the poor and the unfortunate, naturally. As everywhere, their number depends a good deal on the extent and degree of misery that prevails, and on the measures taken to discourage their activity. As for veracity, it has its different codes and interpretations. A young man who was studying English in a private class said to the teacher, "The hours of my work have changed so that I can no longer attend." Two days later he made a special errand to say, "I have lied to you. My friends tell me that you Americans are very literal, and that with you, if I mean

to be truthful, I must tell the exact truth. Now the fact is that I have lost my employment and cannot afford to pay for more lessons at present. I hope to come back within a few days or weeks." The Mexican is not literal. But considerable acquaintance with him does not make me think him especially given to deceiving others to their hurt. That he is polite cannot be denied. If you meet a stranger or a procession of them on any highway not a city street, there will be none so lowly or so haughty that he will not look to exchange greetings with you. A baggage man will not below "One side!" but will call instead, "With your permission, Señor!" If you have business dealings with a Mexican, he may not always have your interest foremost in his mind; but to treat you with a manner lacking in consideration would be to violate his own breeding. There are a great many humorous and entirely true stories of the courteous airs with which gentlemen of the cross-roads used to divest travelers of their belongings. One relates that a bandit asked an American if he would graciously condescend to favor him with "a light." The American answered that it would be his greatest pleasure. Before his action was comprehended, he had thrust the cool end of his cigarette into the barrel of the small revolver that he was carrying ready in hand, and thrust the other end up to the mouth of the suppliant Latin. The only part of this story that is not characteristic is the slowness of the bandit. But if the Mexican is polite it ought not to be imputed to him for evil as he inherited it from both his Spanish and his Aztec ancestors, and it works no inconvenience to anyone except in the fact that politeness is looked for in return. The American railroad man has largely eliminated himself from the republic not because he was inefficient but because he carried an air of contempt which, while it did not always reflect his actual feelings did always offend the sensitive native. I have had grateful evidence that the politeness referred to is not always hollow. And I recall what an elderly English-

man told me of his experience. He had made a fortune and had lost it all again. "And who do you suppose came and offered me help to get back on my feet?" he said. "Not any of the Englishmen that I had known from boyhood and some of whom could have done it easily, but two of the Mexicans whose high compliments I had never thought meant anything more than an extravagant habit. I tell you, they showed themselves men and friends, and I have never forgotten it." The politeness of the poor has at least so much substance that you will constantly see them share their scant meals of *tortillas* and do other acts of kindness toward the roadside beggars. They have no organized charities to take care of worthy cases and it is to be feared many unworthy cases share in the bounty.

The writer in the *Outlook* mentioned above quotes the owner of a one-hundred-thousand-acre ranch in New Mexico as saying, "I have bought tens of thousands of sheep from Mexican shepherds without a written contract and never had one fail to do as he agreed, which is more than I can say for American stock owners." He quotes Judge John R. McFie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, thus: "Nowhere have I found better jurors or men with a higher sense of justice than the Mexicans. I have tried murder cases where the defendants were Mexicans and every member of the jury was of that nationality, yet have always found the verdict fairly given and conviction has followed regularly if the testimony warranted. They are good citizens, are fair minded, and adhere to the Court's instructions more closely than any other jurors I have found. Probably there are more defendants of this race than of Americans, proportionately to the population, but their offenses are mostly of a minor sort."

Remember that this relates chiefly to poor Mexicans of the laboring class, though as once indicated above there are also many cultured and intelligent Mexicans who have preferred never to leave the United States. Is it not gratuitous

to assume that such people are incapable of democratic self-government if given fair education and a chance? Yet such has been the assumption of the American press generally during the revolution of 1910-1911. Not until its close, indeed, did the American press acknowledge that there was a revolution. The *Public*, in its issue of June 9, 1911, says: "In less than a year after all the great newspapers were assured that there was no revolution in Mexico nor reason for one—assured into silence,—they are obliged to report the complete overthrow of Diaz by a revolution that was in full vigor while they ignored it. Was this poor journalism? Or what?"

Unmistakably the revolution has progressed even while these chapters have been in preparation. The Mexico that exists today, politically, I have never visited. I never heard of the men who have come into power till a few weeks or months ago. It was hard for any Mexican to be generally heard of who did not belong to Diaz's group. In March, 1911, when I visited the city of Oaxaca a local engineer was in prison for disseminating treasonable ideas, as the government regarded them. Others arrested at the same time had repudiated or apologized for their acts and were promised pardon; but he declared that he wished only for ability to have made his agitation more effective. So his friends told me that he would doubtless be stood up against a wall to face a firing squad. Yesterday I received a letter saying that our friend the engineer is now *jefe político* of the city and that the District Superintendent of the native Methodists is his *apoderado* (deputy). Only those somewhat familiar with the violent prejudice and opposition to Protestant work in Oaxaca during the past can appreciate this latter fact. But while my reader cannot find this so exciting as it is to me, not having talked with the distracted friends and relatives, yet the engineer's ups and downs may illustrate how complete a reversal has taken place in a short time. Not many months ago the leader of the revolution, Francisco

Madero himself, was in prison. On the 7th of June at his entrance to the capital, he was given such an ovation as probably no other Mexican ever received.

Whether the friends of representative government shall remain uppermost will depend very much on the good faith and genuine patriotism of a few individuals. This is always so at a critical time. Who knows but that Washington might have been able to establish a military despotism here? Fortunately, though generals and soldiers have gallantly participated, Mexico owes its present new chance, not to any general primarily, but to a popular uprising and to Francisco Madero. To General Reyes no great credit is due. When called on to risk something and help, he failed to respond. Madero is no military hero. He is a civilian. His leadership is a moral leadership and signifies a national faith in the possibility of a genuine civil government for the nation. All sincere democrats will wish him well and hope for firm establishment of the principles of Juarez.

If democratic government fails it will be because some powerful man is a traitor to the people; and if no such man arises within the next year or two, the cause will be reasonably safe. Whatever the outcome, be assured that there is a general and sincere longing among the people for the establishment of liberty, a genuine respect for law, and a full consciousness of the necessity for order and submission to the sovereign will. Sometime, too, if not at present, these things will be achieved. The Indian patience waits long but does not forget its object. Perhaps something of the old high dauntlessness of the Spaniard ought also to be separately acknowledged in the Mexican spirit. Or perhaps it should all be recognized simply as humanity aware of itself. For it Mexican men by the hundred have willingly languished in prison. Mexican women have offered their bodies as food for starving soldiers. For over a century it has persisted, often obscured but never quenched; and in the end it will not be denied.

Pronouncing Vocabulary

	Guia Official	Ghee'-yah Oh-fee-cee-ah'
Acapulco	Ah-ka-pool'-koh	Goo-see-ay'-rays
Acolhuas	Ah-koh-loo'-ahs	Gwah-ee'-mabs
adobe	ah-doh'-bay	ah-see-ayn'-nah
Aguas Calientes	Ah'-gwaha Ka-lee-ayn'-tays	Ah-vah'-nahk
Alameda	Ah-lah-may'-dah	Ee-bah'-rah
Amecameca	Ah-may-kah-may'-kah	Ee-hay'-rah
Americano	Ah-may-ree-kah'-no	ee-day-oh'-nah
Antonio Lopez de San- ta Anna	Ahn-toh'-nee-oh Loh'- ahs	Ees-tah-see'-wahtl
apoderado	ah-pol-day-rah'-doh	Hah-lee'-nahk
Augustin de Iturbide	Ow-goos-teen' day Ee- toor-bee'-day	Hah-mah'-nah
avenida	ah-vay-nee'-dah	hay'-fay poh-lee'-tee-koh
Benito Juarez	ah-vay'-tah Hoo-ah'- rays	Huahn day Kah-ray'- nee-oh
Berda	Bohr'-dahk	Hoo-chee-tahn'
berrache	bohr-rach'-oh	Hoo-ee'-lay
Cabrona	Kah-bray'-rah	Lah-ray'-doh
Casas Grandes	Kah'-sahs Grahn'-days	Lah Kay-mah'-dah
Calderon de la Barca	Kahl-day-roh' day iah Bahr'-kah	Lohs Ahs-tay'-kahs
Campeche	Kahm-pay'-chay	Mah-day'-rok
Cervantes	Say-vahn'-tays	mahgay'
Chac Mol	Tchak Mohl'	Mah-leent'-zee
Chavala	Tchak-pah'-lah	Mahl-trah'-tah
Chapultepec	Tchah-pool'-tay-pek	mahn-yahn'-nah
Chichimecs	Tchee-chee-meeks'	Mahn-tec'-yahs
Chihuahua	Tchee-wah'-wah	Mahn-zahn-nee'-yoh
Chinos	Tchee'-nohs	Mah-ree'-yah
Chivela	Tchee-vay'-lah	Mah-zah-tahn'
Cholula	Tchoh-loo'-lah	may'-deeh-yah nah-rah'- gah
Ciudad	See-yoo-dahd'	mays-tee'-sah
Coahuila	Kwah-wee'-lah	May'-ree-dah
Coatzacoalcos	Kwah-toh-kwahh'-kohs	Mayr-cah'-doh dayl
Colhuas	Koh-loo'-ahs	Voh-lah-doh'
Como no, Senor?	Koh'-moh noh Sayn'- yoh?	Mee-choh-ah-kaahn'
conquistadores	kohn-kees-tah-doh'-rays	Mee-gay' Ee-dahl'-goh
Cordoba	Kohr'-doh-bah	Meet'-lah
Cordova	Kohr'-doh-vah	Mees-tek'
Cortez (Fernando)	Kohr'-tayn' (Fayr-nahn'- doh)	Mohn'-tay Ahh-bahn'
Cuahtemoc	Khwaht-tay-mok'	Mohn-tay'-koh
Cuautla	Kwownt'-lah	Mohn-tay-ray'
cuartillo	kwahw-tee'-yoh	Mohn-tay-zoo'-mahn
Cuernavaca	Kwahr-nah-vah'-kah	Mok-ray'-lee-ak
De Leon	Day Lay-oh'	Moh-ray'-lohs
despacio	day-spah-see'-tah	Mohr'-roh
Diligencias	Dee-hay-hayn'-see-ahs	Moo-reel'-yoh
Dons	dohns	moo'-ee ahn-teeg'-woh
dulce	dool'-say	Noh-gahh'-lays
Durango	Doo-rahn'-goh	noh ah'-ee
Echave	Ay-tchah'-vay	Noo-ay'-vah Lah-ray'- doh
El Dorado	Ayl Doh-rah'-doh	Wah-hah'-kah
El Paso	Ayl Pah'-soh	Oh-bray-gohn'
El Riego	Ayl Ree-ay'-goh	Oh'-hoh de Ah'-gwah
Elvava	Ays-lah'-vah	Ch-mee-tlahn'
Feliz Parra	Fay-lees' Fah'-rah	Oh-ree-zah'-bah
Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec	Fay-roh-cah-reel' Nah- see-oh-nahh' day Tay- wahn-tay-pek'	Ortega
Fray Julian Garces	Fry Hoo-lee-ahn' Gahr'- rays	Pachuca
Gambas	Gahm-boh'-ah	Paseo de la Reforma
gardenias	gahb-day'-nee-ahs	Paseo de los Cocos
gringos	green'-gohs	patio
Guadalajara	Gwad-ah-lah-hah'-rah	Patzcuaro
Guanajuato	Gwah-nah-hwah'-tah	peon
Guatemala	Gwah-tay-mahh'-lah	peones

peso	pay'-soh	senor	sayn-yoh'-rah
plaza	plah'-zah	senora	sayn-yoh'-ree'-tah
Plaza Mayor	Plah'-zah Mah-yoh'	seerra	sec-ay'-rah
poco a poco	poh'-koh a poh'-koh	niral	see'-sahl
Popocatepetl	Poh-poh'-cah-tay-pay'- tul	sombrero	sohm-bray'-rah
Porfirio Diaz	Pohr-fee'-ree-oh	Senora	Soh-noh'-rah
	Dee'- ahs	Tampico	Tahm-peh'-coh
portal	pohr-tal'	Tamaulipas	Tah-mow-lee'-pahs
portero	pohr-tay'-roh	Tarahumare	Tah-rah-oo-mah'-ray
Posada	Poh-sah'-dah	Tehuanaas	Tay-wah'-nahs
Progreso	Proh-gray'-soh	Tehuantepec	Tay-wakan-tay-pek'
Puebla de los Angeles	Poo-ay'-bih-lah day los Ahn'-hay-lays	Tenochtitlan	Tay-nohch-tee-tlahn'
Puerto Mexico	Poo-ayr'-toh May'-hee- koh	teo-callis	tay-oh'-ahh'-yees
puestos	poo-ayr'-tohs	Teotihuacan	Tay-oh-tee-wak-cahn'
pulque	pool'-kay	Texcoco	Tays-coh'-coh
Queretaro	Kay-ray'-tah-roh	tia Maria	tec'-yah Mah-ree'-yah
ranchero	rahng-chaay'-roh	tepetate	tay'-pay-tah-tay
real; reales	ray-ahh'; ray-ahh'-ays	Tlacolula	Tlah-coh-loo'-lah
Real del Monte	Ray-ahh' dayl Mohn'-tay	Tlascalans	Tlahs-cah'-lahns
rebozo	ray-boh'-soh	Torreon	Toh-ray-ohn'
Regla	Ray'-gah	torta	tohr'-tah
Reyes	Ray'-ez	tortillas	tohr-tee'-yahs
Rio Grande	Ree'-oh Grahn'-day	Tule	Tooh'-lay
Salina Cruz	Sah-lee'-nah Krooz	Tzintzuntzan	Tseen-tsoon'-tsahn
San Antonio	Sahn Ahn'-toh'-nee-oh	una cosa muy espan- tosa	oo'-nah coh'-sah moo'-ee
San Blas	Sahn Blahs'	Uxmal	ay-spahn-tok'-sah
San Carlos	Sahn Kahr'-lohs	Valle Nacional	Oos-mahl'
San Juan de Ulua	Sahn Hoo-ahn' day Oo- loo'-ah	varra	Vah'-yah Nah-cee-oh- nah'
San Juan Teotihuacan	Sahn Hoo-ahn' Tay-oh- tee-wa-cahn'	Velasco	vah'-rah
San Luis Potosi	Sahn Loo-ees' Poh-toh- see'	Vera Cruz al Istmo	Vay'-rah Kroos al Eest'- mo
Santa Lucretia	Sahn'-tah Loo-kray'-see- ah	Viga	Vee'-gah
Santa Rosa	Sahn'-tah Roh'-sah	viviendas	vee-vee-ayn'-dahs
Santa Domingo	Sahn'-toh Doh-meen'- goh	Xochimilco	Soh-chee-meel'-koh
Sancho Panza	Sahn'-choh Pahn'-zah	Yauquis	Yah'-kees
seis centavos	say'-ees sahn-tah'-vohs	Yucatan	Yoo-kah-tahn'
semana santa	say-mah'-nah sahn'-tah	Zacatecas	Zah-cah-tay'-kahs
		Zapotec	Zah-poh-tek'
		Zaragoza	Zah-rab-goh'-sah
		Zocalo	Zoh'-kak-loh
		Zurbaran	Zoor-bah-rah'

NOTE. Review Questions on this "Reading Journey through Mexico," and Suggestive Programs based upon the six sections will be found in the Round Table of this magazine.

SEAL COURSE FOR C. L. S. C. READERS.

The preceding "Reading Journey through Mexico" with two additional books form a Chautauqua Seal Course. The following books are suggested, but others may be substituted if desired: *History of Mexico*, Fred A. Ober, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50; *A White Umbrella in Mexico*, F. Hopkinson Smith, \$1.50. A fee of fifty cents will entitle the reader to the review questions, upon answering which the seal will be awarded.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bancroft, "The Native Races of the Pacific States," \$60; "A Popular History of the Mexican People;" "Resources and Development of Mexico;" "History of the Pacific States," \$270. Prescott, "Conquest of Mexico," 70c. Wallace, "The Fair God," 75c. Biart (Lucien), "The Aztecs" translated from the French by J. L. Garner, \$2.00. Humboldt, "A Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain;" "Geography of the New Continent," 5 vols. Lord Kingsborough, "Antiquities of Mexico," 9 vols. Brocklehurst, "Mexico Today." Wright, "Picturesque Mexico," \$7.50. Tweedie, "Mexico As I Saw It," \$5.00 net. Hale, (Susan), "History of Mexico," \$1.50 net. Burke (N. R.), "Life of Benito Juarez. Stephens, "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan." Lumholtz, "Unknown Mexico," \$10. Creelman, "Master of Mexico." Flandrau, "Viva Mexico," \$1.25 net. Smith, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," \$1.50. Kirkham, "Mexican Trails," \$1.75 net. Butler, "Sketches in Mexico," \$1.00. Barton, "Impressions of Mexico," \$3.00 net. Campbell, "Guide to Mexico," \$1.50. Terry, "Guide to Mexico," \$2.50 net. Gooch, "Face to Face with the Mexicans." Lummis, "The Awakening of a Nation," \$2.50. Ober (F. A.), "Travels in Mexico, \$1.00; History of Mexico," 75c to \$1.50. Romero (M.), "Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico," \$2.00; "Mexico and the United States," \$4.50 net. Calderon de la Barca (F. I.), "Life in Mexico during a residence of two years in that Country," \$2.25 net; "Mexican Year Book," \$6.00 net. Noll (A. H. & McMahon (A. P.), "Life and times of Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla," \$1.00 net. Turner (J. K.), "Barbarous Mexico," \$1.50; Edwards (W. S.), "On the Mexican Highlands," \$1.50 net. Harper (H. H.), "Journey in Southeastern Mexico"—privately printed (H. H. Harper, 100 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.). Wallace (D.), "Beyond the Mexican Sierras, \$2.00 net; "Foreign Relations." Douglas (J.), "United States and Mexico;" paper gratis; Am. Assn. for International Conciliation, 501 W. 116th St., New York City.

Any prices not on this list will be given on application to the Chautauqua Book Store, Chautauqua, N. Y.

On Muleback In the Sierras

By James Ravenel Smith

FOR one who is not wedded to extreme personal comfort, and who is not in a hurry to get anywhere, mountain travel through Mexico has many charms to offer. Among them, first of all, may be mentioned the humble but headstrong means of locomotion he bestrides—the wiry little Mexican mule—for without him the journey would be impossible. Charm and mule are not often hitched to-

gether and in this case the charm is simply one of gratitude to the method of travel, for its slow and solemn plod introduces one to a fairyland of beauty and loveliness—a very riot of color and a wealth of grandeur that amazes one and repays a thousandfold over the other slight discomforts that one has to endure in the shape of the superabundance of fleas that one may meet at a mountain *hacienda* or the scanty fare and rough sleeping one has to put up with on the trail.

Fleas, it may be mentioned, are an incident to all mountain travel in Mexico, and it is a peculiarity of the country that they are present in great quantities at high altitudes while in the valleys they are absolutely non-existent. Thus in this particular one leads a checker-board existence; now one sleeps peacefully and now one doesn't. To journey with any degree of comfort the traveler needs quite a caravan of mules and *mozos* (drivers) besides the animal he bestrides, for he cannot depend on the country for subsistence and a good supply of food must be conveyed as well as camp outfit and bedding. Very comfortable beds may be carried in the shape of a mattress with pillow and paraphernalia which rolls up quite small and is covered by a "*vaquete*" or cowhide—one mule easily carrying a couple of such beds.

Even this train of mules is interesting and picturesque to the novice, for as they wind along the mountain side with their whimsical burdens, the musical call of the *mozos*, pitched in cadence in order to "carry," and in the liquid Spanish tongue adds a touch of local color and of human interest which is not unpleasing. After a little experience, however, one is content to view this addition to the scenery at a distance, for the smell of the harness and of the train in general is decidedly disagreeable and one learns to ride far in advance of the caravan and enjoy the glorious scenery, pure and simple, "local color" being too odoriferous for real beauty!

And such scenery! Truly the painter of these vistas must have the rainbow for his palette and a genius beyond human to shadow forth even faintly the picture before him. The large masses of the mountains shine across the cañons through a clear but nevertheless blue atmosphere which is indescribable. The mountains themselves are made of a rock of every shade and hue, though red largely predominates, and the brilliant colors showing through this atmosphere make a picture beyond words.

The trail that leads over the mountains is a trail and nothing more, and at times is even that only by courtesy. It amounts to a rough and tumble scramble up the mountain side—a scramble which is often perpendicular and entirely rocky, and the mules need and, indeed, have the qualities of a billy-goat to make any progress at all. The first day's journey over such a trail is an eye-opener to a practical horseman and he feels at the end of it only thankfulness that his life and that of his mule have been providentially spared by some miracle. But after a day or two he realizes that the animal he rides is as sure-footed and reliable in apparently the most dangerous places as a wild mountain goat, and he learns to ride with a loose bridle and to allow his little mount to pick his own way through the steep chaos of tumbled rocks, while he lounges comfortably in the huge Mexican saddle and does nothing but enjoy the scenery. Moreover he finds when he does get to a level stretch on the top of some mountain or through some pleasant valley, if his animal has good blood in him, as they often have, that his mount can develop surprisingly pleasant paces and be quite lively. The mule is the locomotive and parlor car of Mexican travel all rolled into one, and when all is said and done a mighty good parlor car at that.

Travel is mostly pleasantly done in the early morning hours and it is customary to get under way as early as three o'clock. This necessitates rising at two or before, and you do not bless the guide when he shakes you by the shoulder

in the pitchy hours of the morning just when you know that sleep is doing you most good. These early rides are often the most rewarding, however, especially if the moon is up. When the camp is in the bottom of a valley through which flows a purling mountain river one can go to sleep with pleasurable anticipations, if the morning trail leads up the overhanging mountain, for whether moonlight or starlight the view is to be not only magnificent but lovely. If the night is dark it will be necessary for each *moso* to bear a torch to light the trail, and the twinkling lights spread out over the mountain side like will-o'-the-wisps, climbing ever higher and higher and getting fainter and fainter as the dawn turns from black to grey and then to red, are entrancing sights to watch. At first one does not watch it, for the absorbing fact that it is so black that you can scarcely see your mule's ears and that you are traveling a trail you would not dare to move a foot on by yourself for fear of accidents holds your full attention. But after a while you realize that your mule has the power of seeing in the dark as clearly, apparently, as you can in daylight and that he is actively trustworthy, and that, anyhow, you can't do anything about it even if he wasn't; so, somewhat unwillingly, you learn the second lesson of absolute faith in the supernatural accomplishments of your mount, and you abandon yourself again to drinking in the scene, leaving the responsibility of accident to your animal who plods along wagging his ears mulishly, utterly indifferent as to whether you trust him or not.

Having definitely delivered your body over to the care of your beast there is plenty to occupy the mind in watching the scenery develop and the mountains grow with the growing light, turning from a dull grey to pink, till finally they stand forth in their natural rainbow clothes so harmoniously and withal so peacefully blended as to give a sense of abiding rest and depth of content such as comes but seldom to the average mortal.

If it is a moonlight night or rather morning, the beauty is, if possible, enhanced. Torches are dispensed with and the shadowy mountains shine mysteriously through the silver light and as you slowly rise you watch the mist forming along the bed of the river till suddenly the whole valley below you is a fleecy carpet of billowy white with the great mountains rising out of it like massy Titans, peaceful, grand, and awful in their hugeness and solemn stillness. It is an inspiring sight. And as the journey continues and such scenes unfold themselves in an ever-changing, ever-glorious panorama of living beauty you bless the day you decided to make the journey, you bless the lazy Mexican drivers, and everything connected with the trip—the mules, even the fleas—for your heart overflows with wonder, peace and gratitude at being allowed to see such marvels.



Columbia's Emblem

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

E. H. BLICHLFELDT

Mr. E. H. Blichfeldt, the author of the "Reading Journey in Mexico," which occupies the body of this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, made a special trip last spring with this writing in view. He has lived three years in Mexico, beginning shortly after his graduation from Wesleyan University in 1900. He became familiar with the life of a mining camp; was within easy access of Mexico City, which he visited often; and by offering to teach English privately to Mexicans found access to and acquaintance with many prominent families of Mexicans and particularly with the sons of such families. Army officers and Roman Catholic priests were also among his pupils. Living for a time in the same city with one of the largest state institutes, which he served as Examiner in English, he became familiar with student life and student sentiment, often quite different from that of the families represented. His chief study and main interest throughout, however, was the life of the common people whom he took every means to see and know and of whom he writes with sympathy. His work as a teacher brought him intimately in contact with missionaries of whose usefulness he speaks with some authority.



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 15

1. *Sketch* of Scott's Life.
2. *Map Talk*. "The Scotland of the Waverley Novels."
3. *Criticism*. "Scott's Plots."
4. *Analysis* of "Ivanhoe."
5. *Talk*. "The Historical Truth of 'Kenilworth.'"
6. *Discussion*. "Scott's Use of Setting in 'Rob Roy,' 'The Talisman,' etc."
7. *Debate*. "Which Characters of the Waverley Novels are better drawn, the men or the women?"
8. *Paper*. "Scott the Poet" with readings from "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake."



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR CLUBS AND LOCAL CIRCLES

The following programs cover the history of Mexico. Ober's "Young Folks' History of Mexico" and Susan Hale's "History of Mexico" will be found useful, and Terry's "Mexico" is an invaluable guide.

FIRST PROGRAM

1. *Map Talk*. "The Physiography of Mexico."
2. *Five Minute Papers* on the (1) Toltecs; (2) Chichimecs; (3) Aztecs. (Ober; Bancroft's "Popular History of the Mexican People;" Hale's "Story of Mexico;" Butler's "Sketches of Mexico.")
3. *Book Review*. Kirk Munroe's "The White Conquerors of Mexico." (A tale of Toltec and Aztec.)
4. *Character Sketch*. "The First Montezuma." (Ober.)
5. *Story*. "The Reign of Nezahualcoyotl." (Ober; Hale.)
6. *Reading* from H. Rider Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter." (Spanish Inquisition and Cortez.)

SECOND PROGRAM

1. *Roll Call*. "The Peoples of Mexico Today." (Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico;" Martin's "Mexico of the Twentieth Century;" Kirkham's "Mexican Trails;" Winter's "Mexico and her People of Today.")
2. *Book Review*. "Maya; a Story of Yucatan" by William Dudley Foulke. (A romance of adventure in the sixteenth century.)
3. *Paper*. "Mexico at the Height of her Power." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale.)
4. *Talk*. "Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Aztecs when Cortez Reached Them." (Ober; Martin; Winter.)
5. *Character Sketch*. "Cortez." (Ober.)
6. *Reading* from Wallace's "The Fair God." (Mexican life at time of the Conquest.)

THIRD PROGRAM

1. *Roll Call*. "The Flowers, Beasts, Birds, and Fishes of Mexico." (Lumholtz; Martin; Kirkham.)
2. *Paper*. "Cortez's March to the City." (Ober; Hale; Bancroft.)
3. *Character Sketch*. "Malintzi" (also called Marina.) (Hale.)
4. *Book Review*. H. Rider Haggard's "Heart of the World."
5. *Talk*. "The Siege and Destruction of the City." (Ober.)
6. *Recitation*. W. W. Campbell's "With Cortez in Mexico."

FOURTH PROGRAM

1. *Book Review.* G. A. Henty's "By Right of Conquest." (With Cortez in Mexico).
2. *Paper.* "The Rule of the Viceroy's." (Ober; Hale.)
3. *Five Minute Biographies* of (1) Hidalgo; (2) Morelos; (3) Yturbié; (4) Santa Anna. (Ober; Winter; Hale.)
4. *Talk.* "Life in Mexico." (Martin; Kirkham; Winter; Lumholtz; Butler; Flandrau's "Viva Mexico.")
5. *Composite Story.* "Benito Juarez." (Martin; Winter; Ober; Hale.)
6. *Recitation.* Arthur Guiterman's "Quivira."

FIFTH PROGRAM

1. *Book Review.* Frances Courtenay Baylor's "Juan and Juanita." (Mexico and Texas with well-drawn Indians), or Goodloe's "The Star Gazers." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale; North's "Camp and Camino," chapter IV.)
2. *Talk.* "War with the United States." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale; North's "Camp and Camino," chapter IV.)
3. *Paper.* "Verse of the Mexican War." (The following list is taken from "Poems of American History," edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson.)

The Valor of Milam, Clinton Scollard; Ben Milam, William H. Wharton; The Men of the Alamo, James Jeffrey Roche; The Defence of the Alamo, Joaquin Miller; The Fight at San Jacinto, John Williamson Palmer; Song of Texas, William Henry Cuyler Hosmer; Texas, John Greenleaf Whittier; Mr. Hosea Biglow Speaks, James Russell Lowell; The Guns in the Grass, Thomas Frost; Rio Bravo—A Mexican Lament, Charles Fenno Hoffman; To Arms, Park Benjamin; Monterey, Charles Fenno Hoffman; Victor Galbraith, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; Buena Vista, Albert Pike; The Angels of Buena Vista, John Greenleaf Whittier; The Bivouac of the Dead, Theodore O'Hara; What Mr. Robinson Thinks, John Russell Lowell; Battle of the King's Mill, Thomas Dunn English; The Siege of Chapultepec, William Haines Lytle; Illumination for Victories in Mexico, Grace Greenwood; The Crisis, John Greenleaf Whittier; The Volunteers, William Haines Lytle.

4. *Paper.* "French Intervention." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale.)
5. *Original Story,* based on the career of Maximilian and Carlotta. (Ober; Hale; Martin.)
6. *Recitation.* Selection from list in paragraph 3.

SIXTH PROGRAM

1. *Book Review.* Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico."
2. *Paper.* "Mexican Art and Literature." Paper in Terry's "Guide" convenient.)
3. *Character Sketch.* "Porfirio Diaz." (Ober; Hale; Lumholtz; "Diaz" by Creelman; Martin; Turner's "Barbarous Mexico.")
5. *Talk.* "The Rule of Diaz." (Ober; Hale; Lumholtz; Martin; Winter; Turner.)
6. *Reading of Clippings.* "The Insurrection of 1911." Gleaned from contemporary journals and magazines.
7. *Reading* from F. Hopkinson Smith's "A White Umbrella in Mexico," or from "Letters of Madame Calderon de la Barca."

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON A READING JOURNEY
THROUGH MEXICO

1. *Mexico and the Mexicans.* 1. How did the Mexican War affect the size of Mexico? 2. Speak of the natural resources of the country. 3. What opposite descriptions may be given of moun-

tainous Mexico? 4. How is Mexico a "land of contrasts" in temperature? 5. Discuss latitude and temperature. 6. What variety of blood exists among the people and what is its social influence? 7. At what time does authentic Mexican history begin? 8. In what part of Mexico does the early history center? 9. What peoples appear before the year 1200? 10. How did they differ from each other? 11. What legend is connected with the founding of the City of Mexico? 12. What did Cortez find? 13. What were the respective characteristics of the Spaniards and the Mexicans? 14. Toward whom does the Mexican extend his patriotism? 15. What was the condition of the country between 1521 and 1821? 16. Who was Iturbide? 17. Santa Anna? 18. How did the republic fare from 1822-1864? 19. What was Napoleon III's scheme with regard Mexico? 20. How did the plan develop? 21. What were the fates of Maximilian and Carlotta? 22. Discuss the relations of Juarez and Diaz. 23. Describe Diaz's government. 24. What is the fundamental cause of the Mexican insurrection of 1911 and against what is it directed?

II. *Ocean Voyage, Yucatan, Vera Cruz.* 1. What is the historic approach to Mexico? 2. How do the passengers differ in purpose from those on European steamers? 3. How desirable is a knowledge of Spanish? 4. What is the appearance of Florida? 5. Describe the picture of which Morro Castle makes a part. 6. What were some of the experiences of the early visit? 7. What are some of the sea sights? 8. What sort of harbors has Yucatan? 9. What is said of the activity of the port physician of Pregreso? 10. How does it compare with that of the sharks? 11. What sort of cargo is unloaded at Pregreso? 12. What is to be seen in the town? 13. What are the peculiarities of henequin? 14. Why is corn imported from the United States? 15. What quality is shown in the dress of the natives? 16. What is their physique? 17. What is the appearance of Merida? 18. What possibilities are suggested by the ruins of Yucatan? 19. How is henequin forwarded? 20. What is the condition of the Yaquis? 21. What is to be seen in the park at Vera Cruz? 22. What sanitary conditions prevail in the city? 23. Describe the Castle of San Juan de Ulua. 24. The jetties. 25. *The Paseo de los Cocos.*

III. *Tehuantepec, Oaxaca, Mitla.* 1. Why is it desirable to go to Santa Loretta from Vera Cruz? 2. What are the natural characteristics of this region? 3. What is the highest point on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec? 4. What sort of people live on the Isthmus? 5. What is the attitude of 1911 toward the cruelties of the Diaz rule? 6. What is to be seen of the town of Tehuantepec? 7. What is said of the Tehuana women? 8. What is the attitude toward progress of the mountain men hereabouts? 9. What "modern improvements" have advanced business on the Isthmus? 10. What contrasts of the primitive and the up-to-date are suggested? 11. What sort of place is Salina Cruz? 12. Describe the jungle. 13. What can be said of Puerto Mexico? 14. What has been the history of this isthmus? 15. What is true of its possibilities? 16. What are some of the sights of Tehuacan? 17. What are some of the names connected with Oaxaca? 18. What is its appearance? 19. Wherein lies the beauty of the cathedral? 20. What expedition

from Oaxaca is suggested? 21. What is to be seen on the way to Mitla? 22. Describe the ruins of Mitla. 23. For what is Orizaba known? 24. What may be seen on the ascent from Orizaba to the City of Mexico?

IV. *Mexico City.* 1. How is the population of "the City" made up? 2. In what respects is Mexico City like and in what unlike other large cities? 3. Describe the prevailing style of house. 4. What "sights" are near the *Zocalo*? 5. Describe the Cathedral. 6. Speak of the abundance of flowers. 7. What may be found at the Thieves' Market? 8. What is the purpose of the Pawn Shop? 9. What problems confront the painter of native types? 10. Examples of what artists' work may be found in Mexico City? 11. What characteristics mark the Mexican School of training? 12. What are some of the valuable exhibits of the National Museum? 13. What historic interest has the *Zocalo*? 14. What purpose is served by the Drainage Canal? 15. Describe the Alameda and its surroundings. 16. What aptitude for artistic expression have the Mexicans? 17. What are the memories connected with Chapultepec? 18. What are the contradictions of the Mexican temperament?

V. *Excursions from the Capital.* 1. What is the climate of the City of Mexico? 2. Describe the Viga and the "floating" gardens. 3. What is the character of the people of Xochimilco? 4. What are some of the characteristics of the place? 5. What is said of the country's churches? 6. Describe Cuernavaca. 7. For what is Cuautla popular? 8. What distinctive features has Puebla? 9. What instance is given of interest in Americans? 10. What is the history of Puebla? 11. What are the views in and around Puebla? 12. Describe the cathedral. 13. What primitive conditions are to be seen around Puebla and Cholula? 14. What sort of place is Cholula? 15. What were some of the author's experiences in the town? 16. Describe the pyramid. 17. What sort of view is that from the top? 18. Describe Popocatepetl and its ascent. 19. What are some of the principal towns north of the city of Mexico and for what are some of them noted? 20. What is said of the "quiescent mood of the country"? 21. Describe the silver mining town. 22. What were the experiences of the trip to Regla? 23. Describe the cataract and its surroundings. 24. What was seen on the return trip?

VI. *The West and the North—Homeward.* 1. Speak of Mexican distances. 2. What especial interests may appeal to the traveler? 3. What is the author's opinion of the bull-fight; of the "mud hut"? 4. Discuss Mexican attainments artistically and intellectually. 5. Speak of Americans in Mexico. 6. Describe the celebration of Christmas. 7. What natural feature of value has Acapulco? 8. Discuss other west coast towns. 9. What mixture of races may be seen on the west coast? 10. Describe the lakes of western Mexico. 11. Describe the Indians of this section. 12. What are the three principal routes from the capital to the United States? 13. What border cities face each other across the line? 14. Describe a silver mine. 15. What are the characteristics of Torreon and of Chihuahua? 16. What of the saying that one side of the Rio Grande is living in the twentieth century and the other in the sixteenth? 17. Discuss some of the characteristics of Mexicans. 18. Speak of the revolution of 1910-1911.

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